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The NEW TRAIL



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, SPRING, 1950

VOLUME VIII

NUMBER 1

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CONVOCATION



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The New Trail

A quarterly publication of the University of Alberta
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Volume VIII

Spring, 1950

Number I

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Date

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Editorial

The Building

For some time now, we have had quite a number of matters on our editorial mind. To be sure, there are always the world-wide hysterias to brood about when nothing more immediate seems to demand our attention, but situated as we are, here on this particular campus, in this particular province and city, there have been plenty of opportunities to indulge our seemingly boundless capacity for worry. We wonder why Edmonton doesn't boom when it is clearly expected to do so; we find ourselves sharing in the suspense that always seems to precede the blow-in of the latest well: we read with alarm the latest forecasts in the field of curriculum revision: we ponder the rising costs of publishing *The New Trail*, and we can always fall back on the ever-present problem of how to keep track of our swiftly moving alumni population. But one matter, we confess, has taken precedence over all others. It is with us morning, noon and night and bids fair to become a permanent obsession. We refer, of course, to the *The Building*.

On a campus where over five million dollars is being expended on various building projects, anyone may well wonder, "What building?" but not if he has been around the University during the past year or so, and has been watching the daily progress of the new structures dotting the campus. He will know that the one we all fondly regard as our very own is that one gracing the south-west corner of the intersection of 89 Avenue and 114 Street, *The Students' Union Building*, Unit I of a great plan for student activities.

Ever since this building was started we have been having it, in some form or other, for breakfast, lunch and supper: it perches on our pillow and haunts us even in our most innocent dreams: it seems to be always hovering just on the outer edge of our consciousness. Not that it is a nightmare. Far from it. It is a most modest and comfortable-looking place. It seems already quite at home in its corner and fits in very nicely with its elder and more pretentious fellows. And yet it has, even in its unfinished state, a distinct personality of its own.

We are immensely proud of this monument to student initiative on the campus of Alberta. We hear a lot of talk about the decline of student spirit here, but surely this splendid building didn't just grow of itself. It is our opinion that a tremendous amount of spirit, on the part of all students, past and present, has gone into the making of this fine addition to our campus. That is why we can't get it out of our mind.

For we graduated students have undertaken to help with the furnishing. It seemed a simple enough matter when we spoke up for a stake in the project. We really thought that every one of us would want to get on the band wagon and do his share and we had confidently expected that by the time this issue would be going to press, that all we would need to say about the Alumni Furnishing Fund would be a hearty "Thank you" to all and "Congratulation!" but things haven't worked out quite that way. We still do not think that we have misjudged the

attitude of the graduates, and yet we have to admit that to date, out of the ten thousand odd alumni of this university (ten thousand odd—not odd alumni) only about 600 have so far indicated their desire to be in on this most worthy and progressive undertaking.

The committee in charge of the canvass to interest the alumni has been criticized for setting its sights too low—many have told us that we should have asked for much more per person—on the other hand, the response seems to indicate that we have asked for too much. We do not know the answer, but we suspect that the cause of our failure to raise the fifteen thousand quota in a quite short period of time is attributable not to a lack of pride and interest in the University and its student activities but to that same old imp of Satan that encourages all good alumni to let dues slide and snarl up the records of the alumni office by failing to send in changes of address.

Well, maybe we are all wrong. We do know that there are some alumni who state emphatically that they are not interested any longer in the University and its doings. It has apparently served its purpose: it has enabled them to take their places as useful citizens with reasonable hope of making a good living, but it has left them with few recollections beyond those of wearisome study-hours and agonizing examination problems. They just don't want to be reminded. We find it hard to believe that they mean just that and we hope that they are very few in number. But we don't know: we wish we did.

Indifference, whether intentional or otherwise, accomplishes nothing. It is equally true that there is no such thing as standing still: either we go forward or are pushed backwards. The University of Alberta cannot go as far in the forward direction as it would like without the shoulder of every one of its graduated students. And in this particular instance, the shoulder is a small personal cheque payable to the Alumni Furnishing Fund, Students' Union Building, University of Alberta.



The Yearly Round

This is the first issue of *The New Trail*, 1950. We begin anew the business of collecting, cajoling, sorting, correcting, editing, hunting, estimating, arranging, spacing, hurrying, and waiting. It is a fascinating round and sometimes we feel that we could be perfectly happy if we had nothing else to do. But alas, we have, and we thought it could do no harm to advise our readers of how many cogs there are in this particular assembly line.

We feel that we have some very interesting material lined up for this new volume, and we trust that it will please our old friends and lure many new ones into the alumni family.

We hate to mention it, but we are compelled to call attention to the fact that costs are rising. This may seem like a repetition of an old story, but it is nevertheless true, and it poses a problem that must be squarely faced.

To be more explicit, then, costs of distributing *The New Trail* have risen to an uncomfortable degree. The magazine is now somewhat larger than formerly: it goes to an ever-increasing number of readers and in consequence costs more to print and send. We have, in accordance with a definite desire on the part of the interested alumni, tried to include a greater number of cuts. And these, we must remind you, cost real money.

The New Trail is still distributed to members of the Alumni Association in good standing without extra subscription. During 1950, one dollar, the annual alumni dues, will continue to bring each member in good standing his copies of the magazine, but in order to enable the Alumni Association to stand on its own feet, meet its commitments in the field of scholarships and pay its reasonable share of the costs of *The New Trail*, we must have many more graduates *in good standing*.

The University authorities have been most generous in their support, but from the standpoint of the alumni, we think that the best economy would be to increase very appreciably the number of alumni who are sending in regular dues.

Everyone added to the list will count on the right side, and you readers, who are in good standing and thus receiving your copies, can help a great deal if you will. Could you not, when you have read your issue, pass it on to a non-member graduate with a little footnote? The little personal attention may help to push the tardy one in the right direction. Try it!

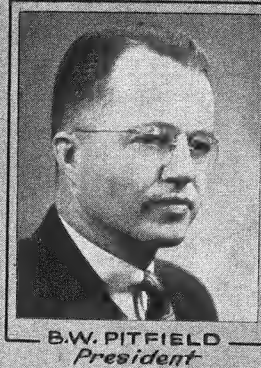
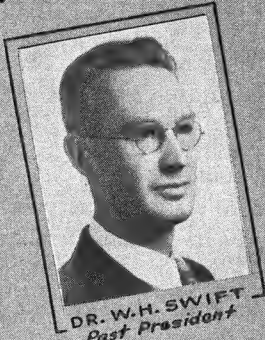
Miss Janet Middleton of the Department of Fine Arts is our cover artist for this issue.

The original of this beautiful panel, four feet by ten, hangs in the main foyer of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, in Edmonton. Miss Middleton was commissioned to paint it after winning the mural contest sponsored by The National Jewish Women's League.

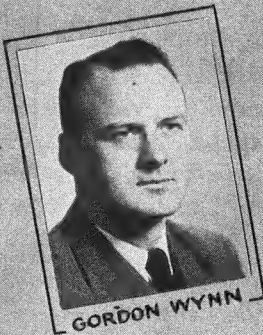
Congratulations, Miss Middleton, and thank you for the privilege of using your work to enhance **The New Trail**.



Have you sent your new address to the alumni office?



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
1950
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, UNIVERSITY of ALBERTA



The King's English¹

By Robert Newton

In our earlier lectures we saw that the whole field of knowledge is much too great to be covered by any individual. We concluded that a university student must discriminate carefully in his choice of things to study, relating these primarily, but not exclusively, to his prospective life work.

But one thing is needful to *every* English-speaking student, one part of secular knowledge he should strive to master, and that is the King's English.

Why? Because it is the principal medium he must use in applying all other parts of his knowledge, whether secular or sacred.

An educated man or woman should be rich in ideas. The King's English is the primary vehicle for conveying ideas.

Looked at even in a selfish and egotistical way, the ability to speak and write well is a tremendous asset all through life. It gets us farther and faster than almost anything else can.

Lack of ability to speak and write acceptably is an unforgivable sin in an educated man or woman. Most criticisms of schools and universities mention this point, especially criticism by business men. That may seem surprising, as many people have the impression business men are interested only in business. But if they start out that way they are not in business long before they realize that good English is absolutely essential to good success in any walk of life.

Within the last few days I read a report by the Committee on Professional Training of the Engineers' Council for Professional Development.² This report was devoted mainly to in-service training of young engineers, during the first five years after graduation. After classifying the various fields of engineering activity into which engineers go (executive, research, development, design, sales, etc.), the report goes on to say:

"All members of the foregoing groups need a better command of the tools of communication, both the written and the spoken word, and the ability to sell themselves and their ideas."

So we need a good command of English just to make a living, to achieve material success.

But mastery of the King's English, looked at, as it should be, in an unselfish and social way, enables us to give leadership, to influence our community, and thus more effectively to discharge our responsibility as privileged persons.

You will have observed that Mr. Winston Churchill was selected by the American magazine, "Time", as the man of the half-century ending this year. Mr. Churchill is the living embodiment and justification of all I have to say to you this

¹Third lecture to Freshman, 1949-50, Wednesday, January 11, 1950, 10:00 a.m.

²Dated November 29, 1949. Written by J. C. McKeon, Manager, University Relations, Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Pittsburgh, Chairman.

morning. To a solid character, with bull-dog courage and tenacity, Mr. Churchill added a thorough knowledge of history and a superb command of the English language. *All* these were essential to his greatness, but without the last—his command of English—he could not have made his influence felt to anything like the same degree. His war speeches were invigorating tonics at times of difficulty and discouragement.

"For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" asks St. Paul. Mr. Churchill's calls were never uncertain. He radiated definite purpose and complete confidence; under his influence these permeated the whole British people.

Mr. Churchill was also awarded lately the "Sunday Times" (London) medal and prize of £1000 for the outstanding contribution of 1949 to English literature. He used this occasion for some remarks on English language and literature which are well worth quoting.^a

He said it was of the utmost importance that everyone should strive to devote some portion of every week to reading. Everyone reaching manhood ought to master the great literature of his own country and, if possible, of another country too. It was a great advantage to be able to read in two languages.

"The English language, its great writers, great riches and treasures, of which the Bible and Shakespeare stand alone on the highest platform, is one of the greatest sources of inspiration and strength.

"The English language is the language of the English-speaking people, and no combination so powerful as a living force exists elsewhere on the surface of the globe. We must preserve our language and see it is not unduly damaged by modern slang and other intrusions. . . .

"Broadly speaking, the short words are the best, and the old words, when short, are best of all. . . .

"It is from the English-speaking world that the truest message will be conveyed to the rest of mankind."

That last remark of Mr. Churchill's reminds us that, now that India with its teeming millions has made English its official language for the next fifteen years, English is used by more people than any other language in the world. We should take pride in that fact, and use the English language well and effectively. Mr. Churchill again sets us an example by preparing his addresses with the most meticulous care—as we saw in our last lecture.

And while these recent words of Mr. Churchill are fresh in our ears, let us look particularly at one of his statements: "The Bible and Shakespeare stand alone on the highest platform."

The Bible occupies a unique position in the literature of many countries; it sets the standard for many languages. In Germany, for example, there was no one recognized form of German in the different kingdoms and provinces until the advent of Luther's Bible. Its language was accepted as an authoritative standard.

^aOverseas, December, 1949, p. 12.

The King James Bible occupies the same position with respect to the English language.

Books often suffer in translation, but fortunately this is not true of the Bible. The King James version is the product of a band of brilliant and devoted scholars, in a period just after the English language had come into full flower in the reign of Elizabeth. There has been much scholarly study of the original texts since that time, and some modern versions have clarified the meaning. But for literary excellence no version has equalled the King James.

Consider these few statements, as pearls both of wisdom and of English:

He that ruleth over men must be just.—II Sam. 23:3.

What can a man do that cometh after the king? even that which hath been already done.—Eccl. 2:12.

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven.—Eccl. 3:1.

The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.—Eccl. 1:8.

God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few.—Eccl. 5:2.

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?—Job 38:1.

Then consider these examples of oriental imagery, rendered into superb English:

My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew.—Deut. 10:2.

I will open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing.—Mal. 3:10.

He kept him as the apple of his eye.—Deut. 32:10.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.—Job 7:6.

Where wast thou . . . when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?—Job 38:4, 7.

The path of the just is as the morning light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. 4:18.

One more pearl, which might well adorn every student:

The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.—Is. 50:4.

To any of you who may now or later become interested in short story writing, I commend the parables of Jesus as models. Here is one (Luke 18:10-14):

"Two men went up to the temple to pray; the one a pharisee, and the other a publican.

"The pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

"I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes

unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

"I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

It would be hard indeed to rewrite that story in as few words, or even to change a phrase in it, without obscuring its meaning or marring its beauty.

The Bible is full of such stories.

Mr. Churchill also put Shakespeare on a high platform.

I shall not quote Shakespeare, but will illustrate his influence on the English language by two anecdotes.

A certain person, obviously not well educated or prepared for the experience, saw a performance of Shakespeare's Hamlet. Asked afterwards how he enjoyed the play, he replied that he thought it was too full of hackneyed sayings! We quote Shakespeare in our everyday speech to an extent we scarcely realize, so closely is he identified with the King's English.

Senator Arthur Meighen, one time Prime Minister of Canada, made Shakespeare his reading hobby, and gave a lecture on him to a number of Canadian Clubs, some fifteen years ago, under the title of "The Greatest Englishman". When Senator Meighen visited Edmonton last October, I mentioned to him that I still enjoyed the recollection of that lecture. He replied, "I gained more credit and became better known for that lecture than for all my political life."

There, by the way, is a useful hint. Whatever we choose as a secondary field of reading, i.e., outside of our vocational field, let's try to go deeply enough into it that people will like to hear us talk about it. Then it will be a social asset as well as a personal interest and satisfaction.

That brings up the question of what to read. Again, the field is so vast that we must make a choice. Let's make it a discriminating choice. Let's read really good English literature. I would not go so far as to advise you against reading any current magazines, some of which are good, though few of them are worth the time people spend upon them. But I should like to underline Mr. Churchill's advice that you devote some portion of every week to reading good books outside the field of your primary vocation. It is into books that the best writers put their most serious effort.

Begin now to build up a library of your own, and make a long-time plan for reading. Here I will quote a classic, Edward Young (1683-1765), in "Night Thoughts":

"At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve."

It is so easy, so fatally easy, to put off from week to week, thinking we shall have more time later on, that I quote another line from the same poem:

"Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer."

There is an old English, or possibly Scottish, proverb: Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves. I might paraphrase that by saying:

Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. We can do a great deal by using odd minutes effectively.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one of the great Canadian prime ministers, had very little knowledge of English when he entered political life, yet became one of the foremost English orators of his time. He kept a copy of the English dictionary on his desk in Parliament, and when speeches were long and uninteresting he read the dictionary. If we would become precise in our use of words, there is no better text-book. I keep the Concise Oxford Dictionary always by my own desk, and can heartily recommend it. A companion volume by H. W. Fowler entitled, *Dictionary of Modern English Usage*, is there too. I find it as interesting to read as a novel. You will, too, very soon, if you cultivate the habit.

"The ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat," and there is great satisfaction in finding what is good, what most exactly expresses our thought.

We must be careful, of course, not to fall under the tyranny of words. Francis Bacon described five idols or habits of the mind that cause people to fall into error. "Idols of the marketplace" are those concerned with the tyranny of words, and the difficulty of escaping from their imprisoning influence once they have taken possession of the mind.

This is an age of slogans and labels. To the communists, all the people whose politics they don't like are fascists, and *vice versa*. The remedy for that habit of mind is to read more widely and deeply.

Again, what shall we read?

All I can do by way of answering that question is to pass quickly in review before you some of the great books in the English language.

Some of you may not know that at St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, the students spend their whole four years reading and discussing great books. I counted up the list, and found it contained over 110 authors. Here are a few authors and titles taken practically at random:

Homer:	Iliad and Odyssey.
Plato:	Dialogues.
Aristotle:	Organon, Poetics, Physics, Politics.
Plutarch:	Lives.
Chaucer:	Canterbury Tales.
Shakespeare:	Henry IV, Hamlet, King Lear, Macbeth, The Tempest.
Bacon:	Novum Organum.
Milton:	Paradise Lost.
Newton:	Principia Mathematica.
Swift:	Gulliver's Travels.
Gibbon:	Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
Darwin:	Origin of Species.
Marx:	Capital.
Tolstoy:	War and Peace.
The Bible:	

How many of those books have you read? Perhaps that is not a fair question at your age. But ten years from now it will be a fair question, so you have no time to lose in getting started.

What I read you was only a sample of the St. John's College list, and students who cover the whole list successfully may fairly claim to be educated. And don't think for a minute their education isn't practical. These classics contain the wisdom of the ages, and they are always up-to-date.

Hard? Of course they are. They have lasted through the ages just because they are hard. Nothing that is not hard is ever interesting long.

You will have noticed that not all of the authors mentioned were English. There are many great classics that we can read in good English translations, notably, of course, the Bible.

I said the classics are always up-to-date, and I should like to give you a few illustrations:

Socrates (470-399 B.C.), quoted by his student Plato, in the Dialogues listed above: "The soul takes nothing with her to the other world but her education and culture."

Plato (427-347 B.C.): "When there is an income tax, the just man will pay more and the unjust less on the same amount of income."—*The Republic*.

"Beauty of style and harmony and grace and good rhythm depend on simplicity."—*Ibid*.

Let us apply that to our Rutherford Library building. You will have noticed how little ornamentation it has, yet most people find it very beautiful. It has beauty of form and line, the beauty of simplicity, of which we never grow tired. Notice, too, the short, simple words, the direct style, of the quotations I am reading to you. These are elements of greatness in a man and his writing. "*Le style, c'est l'homme*."

Now go on with Plato:

"They do certainly give very strange and new-fangled names to diseases."—*Ibid*.

"The direction in which education starts a man will determine his future life."—*Ibid*.

"You are young, my son, and, as the years go by, time will change and even reverse many of your present opinions. Refrain therefore awhile from setting yourself up as judge of the highest matters."—*Laws*.

Comenius (a Moravian bishop, 1592-1670): "The best years of my life were wasted in useless school exercises." (These words give the key to his life. He worked unceasingly to secure for youth better schools and better methods of instruction): "If a man is to be produced, it is necessary that he be formed by education. . . . A man can most easily be formed in early youth, and cannot be formed properly except at this age. . . . The wooden hoop of a wheel, which has been bent into a curve, will break into a thousand pieces rather than return to straightness. And similarly, in a man, first impres-

sions cling so fast that nothing but a miracle can remove them. It is therefore most prudent that men be shaped to the standard of wisdom in early youth. . . . Everyone ought to receive a universal education, and this at school. But do not therefore imagine that we demand from all men an exact or deep knowledge of all the arts and sciences. . . . Each science is so vast and so complicated (as are physics, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, or even agriculture and arboriculture) that it would occupy the lifetime of even the strongest intellects to master it."—The Great Didactic.

I am sure this must sound to you strangely like much I said in my first two lectures. Truth is always modern, fully applicable to the problems of today. That is why it is so important to read the classics. If they do not enable you to solve today's problems, at least they will enable you to understand these problems, as well as to improve your English. And as you read, keep in mind Whitehead's admonition, which I quoted to you last day, "Get hold of the big ideas, and hang on to them like grim death."

Now two more brief quotations to bring us up to the minute.

John Stuart Mill (political economist and philosopher, 1806-1873): "The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually and collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection."—On Liberty.

To maintain individual liberty in the face of multiplying controls of all kinds is the most pressing problem of modern society. Put Mill's essay "On Liberty" on your list for early reading if you would think clearly about this problem.

My next quotation, from a book published in this year 1950, will reinforce Whitehead's educational ideal of "the habitual vision of greatness."

Frederick Taubes (member of Banff School staff): "All of us were born with the crudest of taste. . . . By lending one's eyes and ears to great works of art, whether in painting, music, or any other discipline, a comprehension of what makes these works of art great can be developed. Once the senses have become conditioned and attuned to the noble and exalted, it is not likely that one will ever again enjoy the vulgar and tasteless."—*Paintings and Essays on Art*.

Finally I want to set before you an ideal of speaking and writing. The tongue and pen are potent weapons in making or marring human relations. "Speak the truth with love," said St. Paul. Speak also with restraint. An unknown writer left us this recipe for living together in happiness and peace:⁴

"Humility and abnegation produce charity towards our neighbours.

"The flower of charity is Christian good manners. Jesus was infinitely courteous. He rarely answered roughly. He never listened coldly. He never worked impatiently. He never ordered imperiously. He never asserted His rights tenaciously. He never spoke inconsiderately. He never did anything

⁴Overseas, December, 1949, p. 42.

precipitately. He was never too familiar in intercourse with anyone. He never did anything immoderately. O beautiful, O holy, O lovely restraint of Jesus! Imitate it."

SEED PACKETS

By Georgina H. Thomson

Here are the garden seeds my mother gathered
That last dear summer she was with us here,
All neatly tied and labelled in her writing,
Her dainty old-world script so fine and clear.

Love-in-a-mist, Sweet William, Red Godetia,
Chinese Forget-me-not, Perennial Phlox,
Nasturtiums, Tagetes, and Painted Daisies,
Clarkia, Columbine (long-spurred) and Stocks.

I see her moving slowly round the garden,
Pausing to stake a flower or pull a weed,
And always coming in with some small treasure,
A tiny harvesting of precious seed.

Her old sun-hat worn at a rakish angle,
In leisured state she made her daily round,
Delighting in the sunshine and the color,
Guarding in thrifty hand the seeds she found.

Tenderly now I open each small packet,
Sowing them, as she would, with loving care,
And when they bloom, a fragrant gay memorial,
I know that I shall feel her presence there.



The - Place - Where - the - Trail - Crosses - Oldman River

By Freda Smith Mudiman

Streams flowing down from the Rocky Mountains to the prairie of Southern Alberta unite to form the Oldman river. The mountain stream digs deeply into the soft soil so that the river flows below prairie level in a wide valley with a gravelly bed and shifting sand bars that make it unnavigable.

Before the white man came, there were mountain trout, pike and perch in the river and beaver made it their home. Deer lived in the groves of poplar and willow trees in the valley, while in autumn the wild berries brought bear. Up on the prairie level huge herds of shaggy brown buffalo and fleet antelope ranged their vast pasture and were preyed upon by timber wolves. The smaller prairie wolves, the coyotes, stalked rabbits, gophers and mice, to maintain the balance of Nature.

The land watered by this river system was nominally leased by the Hudson Bay Company, to whom it was granted in 1670. But it was held by the members of the Blackfoot Confederacy, the Blood, Peigan, Blackfoot, Stoney and Sarcee Indians. They were a nomadic people, living much as did the folk in Biblical times, under a patriarchal chief with rigid tribal customs.

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Like the other native tribes of America they worshipped the sun, but they also had a lesser, mysterious and mischievous, more comfortable deity known as Napi, or Old Man. They were highly superstitious and anything they could not understand was magic—the work of Old Man.

Other tribes who came across the mountains to get buffalo meat, told the Blackfeet of the source of their river and how a large water-fall issued out of a sheer wall of solid rock to make a lake that fed the river. This was miraculous, so it must be due to Old Man.

When the ancestors of the Blackfeet came to America from Asia and gradually worked their way southward to a warmer climate, they had dogs as beasts of burden. Their few possessions were loaded on a small platform between two poles which were dragged along by the dogs. This contrivance was a travois. Early in the eighteenth century the Plains Indians secured horses from the south, and after that their travois were pulled by horses.

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Dog and horse-drawn travois laid out Indian trails, traces of which remain to-day. The most-travelled of these highways was that beaten out by moccasined feet in the shade of the Rockies from Mexico to the Mackenzie.

The New Trail is happy to present another article on the folklore of Alberta by Mrs. Freda Smith Mudiman of Lethbridge. **The-Place-Where-the-Trail-Crosses-Oldman River** appeared in the Macleod Jubilee issue of **The Lethbridge Herald**, late last June. We are grateful to that newspaper for permission to reprint.

This Old North Trail crossed many streams and all along its length might be seen circles of stones and lodge poles marking abandoned campsites. Favorite campsites were at a ford where the Indians remained for a time to dry buffalo meat for pemmican and to gather berries with which to flavor this food. Here they would hold their tribal ceremonies and here they left their dead.

Such a place was the ford on the Oldman river, which the Blackfeet called The-Place-Where-The-Trail-Crosses-Oldman River.

After a time spent there, the tribes would again take the trail, journeying a hundred miles north to the valleys of the Bow and Elbow. But unless on the war-path, they did not go much further as the land beyond the Bow was held by their hereditary foe, the Crees.

The Blackfeet did not domesticate the buffalo as the creatures were quite easily caught and killed, and their supply seemed inexhaustible. Their capture, meat, hides, sinews, supplied all the Indian's needs for shelter, food and fun.

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This idyllic existence was shattered in the 1860's when modern commercial methods of the day moved onto the Canadian Plains. Heralds of the changing conditions were fur traders that arrived, principally in the ten years prior to 1874 and principally from the south.

While the Indians fully appreciated the value of buffalo pelts, they were not highly valued by white people until after the Civil War, while men along the Atlantic seaboard and in the mid-Western states discovered the warmth of buffalo coats and their families the comfort of buffalo sleigh robes. And about the same time a tanner in New York experimented with a buffalo hide to discover that it made excellent leather, most suitable for making the strong belts needed for heavy industrial machinery.

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So the buffalo market boomed and trading posts were established along the Old North Trail in buffalo country. The sites chosen for these were the old Indian campsites, but the preferred places were where streams joined each other so that there was water protection on two sides. Palisaded posts were erected that the traders called forts. Thus there were fur forts on the Elbow, the Bow and the Highwood.

In the south were Slide Out, and Freeze Out. Where the Waterton joined the Belly River was Stand Off, and where the Belly joined the Oldman was Robbers Roost. The largest was at the junction of the St. Mary and the Belly river, which had a cannon and a howitzer—Fort Whoop-Up.

The traders did little of the buffalo killing themselves. The Blackfeet, who had originally felled the beasts with arrows, now had Winchesters and Sharps rifles, and sold the hides at a low price. A skin that could be procured on the plains for one dollar brought ten dollars in Chicago, so it was a profitable business.

Besides exchanging food, tobacco and cloth for wolf pelts and buffalo hides, the traders also employed whiskey in their transactions. The Blackfeet were not conditioned to the white man's brew, and its alcoholic content so excited them that

theft, lust and bloodshed were common around the trading posts and all up and down the trail.

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Other Indian tribes were content with watered whiskey, but the Blackfeet developed a great craving for liquor and demanded that it be strong enough to ignite, hence the term firewater.

Explorers, missionaries, even their own chiefs became alarmed at the demoralization of the Indians. In 1870 the newly formed Dominion of Canada had secured most of their holdings in the North West Territories from the Hudson Bay Company, so it was to Ottawa that appeals for aid were sent.

A semi-military organization, the North West Mounted Police, was formed in 1873, and the next year marched into Western Canada. The thousand-mile trek from Red River to the Rockies was made in four months, the cavalcade being cumbered by cattle, cannon, farm machinery, everything necessary for peace or war.

Chief Crowfoot of the Blackfoot was kept informed by invisible scouts of the progress of the party, and advised his some ten thousand horsemen to hold their fire. This policy of "wait and see" was commended later when Crowfoot and Assistant Commissioner James Macleod became fast friends.

The police party camped at the base of the Sweet Grass Hills in Montana, just across the International Boundary, and here the group divided—half going back to Manitoba, half proceeding westward toward the fur forts. A Scottish-Piegan scout from Fort Benton, Jerry Potts, unerringly led them to the Old North Trail.

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An offer to purchase Fort Whoop-Up was declined, so the police had to move on, with Jerry Potts escorting them across the streams, across the prairie, until they reached the ford on the Oldman river. Here they built a post, not a fur fort, but a police post, on a river flat near the crossing and named it Fort Macleod.

The whiskey traders had three courses open to them. They could leave the country, adopt legitimate business methods, or move closer to the boundary and operate a trade-and-run system along the border, using light driving wagons and fast horses. Each course was chosen by some, but the fur forts were abandoned.

The Blackfeet came to visit the police, and to their chiefs Colonel Macleod explained why he had come, why he planned to stay, and asked for their co-operation. Co-operation was promised, and that promise has been kept for three score and fifteen years.

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The Indians called Colonel Macleod "Staximokan," and re-named the ford. It now became The-Place-Where-Staximokan-Stays. Colonel Macleod was held in high esteem by the plains Indians, who came to respect his ideal of justice for all, his firmness and integrity. Time has proved that he was the right man in the right place at the right time.

As the whiskey trade died down and lawlessness left, a small settlement grew up about Fort Macleod. The I. G. Baker and T. C. Powers Companies, who operated

large mercantile businesses in Montana, established branch stores at the ford and other concerns were founded. More and more heavily laden supply wagons creaked up the Benton Trail to the ford on the Oldman river.

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In 1877 a treaty was signed with the Blackfoot Confederacy, and almost all the Indians went to live on reserves. A few of the older ones still hung about the fort and added local color to the interesting scene. Police patrols were constantly coming and going as detachments were opened throughout the district. Wagon trains from the south continually brought in new people.

Mercantile methods were, perforce, a bit unorthodox as everyone had to supply a container in which to take away his purchases; food might be exchanged for fur or hides; prices were inflated. Butter was 75 cents a pound, canned fruit a dollar a tin; even pins and needles were expensive because of the high freight rates.

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Flash floods, always a characteristic of mountain streams, finally threatened the river flat, so a new site was chosen, a couple of miles further west and up on the prairie level. Here modern frame buildings were erected in 1884 and, like the old palisade on the river, never felt an Indian arrow—a record for any frontier.

It was a small self-contained world—the new Fort Macleod—with its mess hall, guard room, dormitories, recreation room, stables, workshops, and through the years it sheltered many hundreds of men. To the newly arrived settlers it was the centre of civilization in southern Alberta.

Many of the other buildings that had stood down by the river were placed on rollers and hauled up on the bench land, east of the barracks, to become a nucleus for the present town of Macleod.

The main street of Macleod now saw ox-teams that had brought coal across the prairie from Coal Banks, some thirty miles east; police mounts, Indian ponies, thoroughbred horses and cattle imported to nearby farms and ranches—for it had been proved that the buffalo pasture would support domestic stock and that the prairie soil would grow wheat. Also on the street were light driving wagons called democrats and buckboards, covered wagons called prairie schooners, and stage coaches.

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At Christmas in 1886 twenty guests enjoyed a special holiday menu at the Kamoose Hotel which featured beefsteak, vegetables, bread and a pudding, at \$1.50 per plate. There were about 200 whites in town, half of them belonging to the police.

The big event of the year was the Police Ball at New Year's, to which came folk from all over the south. In the summer time there were picnics, sports days, rallies, celebrations to mark national events and other social gatherings to push back the loneliness.

The whites had left the riverside, but the Indians still camped there, and when the whites made merry up on the plain, Peigans and Bloods were to be found at

their old campsite by the Oldman. As orchestral music from the barracks drifted out on the prairie night, it was echoed by the throb of the tom toms by the river.

In 1885 the drums took on a menacing note, for along the North Saskatchewan River the Crees rose in revolt. Farmers and ranchers took their families in to Fort Macleod and formed a home defense unit called the Rocky Mountain Rangers. But due to the influence of the missionaries, the police, and their chiefs, the Blackfeet remained loyal.

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The rebellion was short lived, and when there was no further fear of an Indian uprising, the country was really opened up for settlement. Railway connection was made with eastern Canada, and cattle and wheat from Macleod were placed on the world market. Soon the advantage of irrigation was recognized and projects put into operation.

Again the war drums throbbed, and men and horses from these plains went to the veldt in South Africa, while in the second decade of the century Macleod men were in Flanders. Some of their relatives still recall the poignant scene at the church parade before they left when the electric power failed and, with a halo from an oil lamp, a boy soprano sang, "Till We Meet Again."

Shortly after the outbreak of the Second World War, bulldozers levelled land southwest of the town preparatory to the construction of an airport, an important link in the Empire Air Training Plan. Then to old Macleod came young lads from far corners of the earth to learn to fly symbols of the Atom Age up and down the Old North Trail.

But Macleod doesn't "Sleep between wars" and has throughout the years developed in an orderly progressive manner. The main street is a busy place on a Saturday afternoon as farmers, ranchers, Indians, Hutterites—Hutterites from a colony at Stand Off—gather to greet each other and to purchase supplies.

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Even though a pioneer life is a practical life, still this area has never overlooked the finer arts. The atmosphere on the farms and ranches has always been a gracious one, with many of the homes displaying fine furniture, silver, china, linens from eastern Canada or the old country. A literary club has met twice monthly since 1907. In the early twenties the late Mrs. Henrietta Edwards gave art lessons to a lad who has since lectured and sung his way into the hearts of Canadian audiences—and besides, has written three books.

In 1929 the Macleod branch of the Canadian Handicraft Guild was organized and only disbanded when the members became involved in Red Cross and other war efforts. As one of their projects the guild studied Indian culture and handicrafts and did much to foster good relationship with their neighbors on the Blood and Peigan reservations.

The group also specialized in the adaptation of Alberta designs to handicraft and were greatly aided by the well-known Canadian artist, Miss Annora Brown, who still has her studio in Macleod. Working with Miss Brown for the last few years

have been members of the Macleod Sketch Club, whose painting has had favorable comment when shown in other centres in the south. It is they who prepared the Macleod Old Timers' Booklet a few months ago and who are responsible for the Macleod Jubilee souvenir booklet.

All trails in Southern Alberta led to Macleod on the last day of June this year when that town celebrated its 75th birthday. Ranchers, farmers, Indians, cowboys, joined the townspeople in paying homage to the North West Mounted Police and their gallant leader, Colonel James Macleod.

Among the events planned were a parade, a stampede, fireworks, an Indian village. Members of the Macleod family have had hand-wrought iron gates made for the Memorial Park, and Colonel Macleod's daughter was present to unveil them.

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On display was an interesting historical collection and a miniature model of the old Fort Macleod. Many visited the police plot in the local cemetery and also the ruin of one of the oldest buildings in southern Alberta. This is behind the Queen's Hotel, a bit further east along the river bank, and was the former hotel of Kamoose Taylor, colorful character of pioneer days.

But, oblivious to all, past or present, the river sweeps on—down, down to the sea. As the summer sun glints on its pools and the water murmurs over its shallows, perhaps it will dream of the buffalo, the Blackfeet, and the boys in scarlet coats who come no more to The-Place-Where-The-Trail-Crosses-Oldman River.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

By Georgina H. Thomson

As we crossed the bridge
We saw a crow
Perched stark and black
On a dead tree
On the river bank.
And I thought,
"There is a symbol
Of our civilization
Today.
The barren tree,
The sinister silhouette
Of the carrion bird
Against the sky."
But my companion said,
"Boy, what a perfect shot!"

A Survey of the First Half of the Present Century

By Dr. Aileen Dunham

At the request of Mr. Bates, I have undertaken to give you a panoramic survey of the first half of the twentieth century. Of course, January, 1950, is not the beginning of the second half of the century. It is the beginning of the last year of the first half of the century—1-2-3—and it takes 50 to make a half century. But the Pope, on Christmas Day, following a tradition dating from 1300, proclaimed 1950 a holy year, and, before it is ended, the topic of highlights of the century will no doubt have been worn so threadbare that I count myself lucky to get my innings by way of analysis a year before they are properly due. However, it is my private opinion that the second part of the twentieth century is a poor thing to celebrate; I offer you the consolation that most of you will live to initiate the year 2000—not only the end of the twentieth century, but the end of the second millenium of the Christian era. Be sure to plan a real jamboree for that occasion; few of the present Wooster faculty will be living to cast a damper on your elderly antics!

Since I teach a whole year course on the first half of the twentieth century, it is asking pretty much to expect me to deliver a pocket condensation of the course in twenty minutes. I shall seek simplification by subdividing the half century into six periods. 1900-1914 was a sort of afterglow of the Victorian Age (Victoria died in 1901) when democracy seemed triumphant everywhere and peace seemed to reign on earth. Even Russia got a constitution in 1905, Turkey in 1908, and China in 1911, all the products of revolutions. In the United States, it was the age of the muckrakers, of the great economists, Henry George and Thorstein Veblen, the building of the Panama Canal and the establishment of the Federal Reserve Banks. A peace conference, the second of its kind, was held at The Hague, and Normal Angell wrote his best seller, "The Great Illusion," to argue that modern technology has made war forever obsolete. Optimism carried over from the nineteenth century and the prosperity of a still expanding capitalism minimized the fact that the nineteenth century had ended with the Spanish-American War and the Boxer Rebellion; that the twentieth century had begun with the Boer War; that the Russo-Japanese War started the revolt of Asia; that the boisterous Balkans managed to stage local wars in 1911, 1912 and 1913; that two of the most popular poets of the day were Rudyard Kipling and Gabriel d'Annunzio, both of whom glorified war and imperialism and that even pacific Americans took more kindly to Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders than to William Jennings Bryan's cooling-off treaties. It was not till an Austrian archduke was murdered in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, and the precarious mechanisms of the Triple Alliance and the Triple

A Survey of the First Half of the Present Century is a chapel address delivered by Dr. Aileen Dunham, graduate of the University of Alberta in honours history, and at present head of the Department of History at Wooster College, Wooster, Ohio. Many readers of *The New Trail* may recall that Dr. Dunham gave a course in the History of the Twentieth Century one summer in Edmonton. We are indebted to the **Wooster Daily Record** for permission to reprint.

Entente broke down in rival alliances that the tragic militarism which was to dominate the half century was revealed in its horrific intensity.

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1914-1919 was the second epoch of the twentieth century, an era of lurid melodrama, probably best epitomized by Blasco Ibanez' "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," when nation after nation was drawn into the vortex of destruction to the climax of American belligerency in 1917; the Marne, and the Aisne, Verdun and the Somme, Cambrai and Ypres, Saint Mihiel and the Argonne ran their course in dreary succession around Flanders Field, while Rupert Brooke gave his life on the Gallipoli Peninsula and nameless Russian peasants met their death in the sodden swamps of Russian Poland, till Czarist Russia went to her doom in the March and November Revolutions of 1917, and the West first became acquainted with the Bolsheviks.

Then, *mirabile dictu*, the might of Germany herself crumbled to dust like the Wonderful One Hoss Shay, the German people sacrificed their proud imperialism before the Medusa-like lure of Wilson's 14 points and with a German Revolution overthrowing Kaiser Wilhelm II and self-determination disrupting the Hapsburg Empire by the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918, the world really seemed safe for democracy. The period ends, however, with a peace conference at Versailles that began to be undermined by the slashing tongue of England's now famous economist, John Maynard Keynes, even before it was signed, and with a dreary civil war between Whites and Reds in Soviet Russia where the ex-allies made the terrible blunder of half-hearted intervention on behalf of the losing side.

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Then followed the third era of the 20th century, 1919 to 1929, a strange period when women's skirts, like stocks and bonds, mounted higher and higher in an age of quack prosperity, when practically every American family joggled along in a "tin Lizzie," thanks to Henry Ford, when Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover rode the Republican party to a terrific crash through the optimistic faith that economic internationalism could be combined with political isolationism and *laissez faire* to provide a chicken in at least every American pot. Meanwhile, the old world ran the gamut of the Turkish Revolution under Mustapha Kemal Ataturk, the Fascist Revolution under Benito Mussolini, the NEP in Russia, the death of Lenin, the triumph of Stalin over Trotsky and the inauguration of the first five year plan.

The idealism of the era was expressed in Eric Remarque's best seller, "All Quiet on the Western Front," and personified in Aristide Briand, for ten years foreign minister of France, and its real achievements were a degree of disarmament through the Washington and London naval conferences, better relations with Germany through the Dawes and Young plans, following the dreadful catastrophe of the great German inflation and the invasion of the Ruhr, the Locarno treaties and a real strengthening of the League of Nations. In Asia, Sun Yat Sen died, but bequeathed his mantle to Chiang Kai Shek who wore it worthily in the 20's although he began a war with the Communists under Mao Tse-Tung as early as 1927; and a

naked little Hindu saint evaporated salt from the sea and launched India on the road to self-determination. But the naive oversimplification of world problems in this era was fittingly epitomized when 62 nations signed the Kellogg-Briand peace pact, thereby officially endorsing the philosophy of Couéism, then so popular, "Every day and in every way, we are getting better and better." At the end of this period many of you were being born. I hope that fact, when viewed in perspective, may prove the most heartening climax of the era.

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The immediate aftermath was something more disastrous; the decade 1929-39, which Europeans, wise in hindsight, have dubbed "the era of appeasement," and a popular American author has recently called "The Aspirin Age." Its course was determined by the catastrophe of the Great Depression with which it opened, and which hung like a pall over the whole era, devaluating currencies as stable as the pound and the dollar; wiping out international debts amid bitter recrimination, and causing unspeakable human misery through bankruptcy and unemployment. The depression was a contributing cause of the triumph of militarism in Japan, the invasion of Manchuria and the Sino-Japanese War of 1937. The era saw the fall of the German Republic, Mussolini's victory over Ethiopia, which tolled the doom of the League of Nations; the Spanish Civil War and the victory of Franco over the Spanish Republic in what has been called "The Little World War"; it saw the purges and treason trials of Russia's Iron Age and the unholy alliance of Germany, Italy and Japan under the guise of an anti-Comintern pact. The decade reached its nadir at Munich after which Hitler boasted that he had achieved more peaceful changes than any other hero of history, as he managed to swallow up Austria and Czechoslovakia under cover of Neville Chamberlain's umbrella. The United States of your childhood was, of course, living through the era of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, that most controversial figure of American politics, whom Republicans saw mainly as the author of deficit financing and a spawning bureaucracy, which strained the resources of the alphabet with its NRA's and AAA's and WPA's and PWA's and NLRB, and RFC, etc., etc., while Democrats, and let us be fair, the world, saw an era of Good Neighbor policy in Latin America, a New Deal for the forgotten little man of the depression, and an increasingly perspicacious effort to combat isolationist neutrality.

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The era ended with the outbreak of World War II which, unlike its predecessor, was ideological to the core, a grim testing time for all cherished values of Western civilization such as the freedom of the individual, respect for law, pursuit of objective truth, and belief in metaphysical religious realities. The most heartening fact of the first half of the century, I think, is that the right side won, but only after the temporary conquest of Poland and of Finland, of Denmark and Norway, Holland, Belgium and France, of Yugoslavia and Greece, and only after Pearl Harbor and Singapore and the rapid conquest through military treachery of a tremendous Japanese empire in Asia and the Pacific Isles. The civilized world was saved a hideous fate by the heroic stand of England in her greatest hour; by

Hitler's colossal blunder of breaking with Russia and by the United States' shotgun conversion to world politics via Pearl Harbor. We all remember the stages of the victory: Stalingrad when a capitalistic West blessed the Bolsheviks; the game of battledore and shuttlecock in North Africa ending in an American invasion of Algeria and a stab at Europe's supposedly soft underbelly; D-Day and the liberation of France; Germany's last comeback in the Battle of the Bulge; the crossing of the Rhine, the encirclement of the Ruhr and the invasion of Germany; the slow process of island hopping in the Pacific; MacArthur's triumphal return to the Philippines; Okinawa; the atomic bomb wiping out Hiroshima and Nagasaki; the collapse of Japanese imperialism. And so we come to the last of our subdivisions, the dismal postwar era with its hopeful array of international conferences beginning with the San Francisco conference and the signing of the charter of the United Nations, the Potsdam conference with its plans of a Big Four domination of Germany and Japan; the triumph of Communism in China, and finally the growing rift between Soviet Russia and the western democracies which has plunged us into a cold war of two giant, antipathetic world powers. The Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, and a considerable integration of west Europe under the Atlantic Pact and the West European Union are but phases of the cold war.

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So the twentieth century as it approaches its mid-point. I must not leave you with the impression it has been all bad. It has been a great age of scientific advance, notably in the field of physics with names like Marconi, Einstein, Madame Curie, Rutherford, Plank, Millikan and Compton, leading to the grand climax of the splitting of the atom; perhaps the greatest age of the advance of medicine with the use of x-ray in surgery, and the conquest of such diseases as sleeping sickness, yellow fever, diphtheria; it has seen technological developments, the automobile, and airplane, motion pictures, radio, radar and television; it has seen women's rights legally recognized not only in England and America but in France, most laggard of western Europe in this respect, in Soviet Russia, in the Mohammedan world, India and Japan. It has seen tremendous advance in elementary education and the spread of the progress of literacy for all; it has seen mighty movements against imperialistic exploitation, not only in Asia but in darkest Africa; it has seen at least foundations laid for the integration of the world in regional groups and the United Nations and a real beginning toward close co-operation of Christian sects via the World Council of Churches.

At the midpoint of the century, however, nobody can prophesy with conviction whether western civilization is moving towards a new equilibrium on a higher plane of civilization or to terrible disaster.

There are so many unsolved problems. Most fundamental, I think, is the necessity of adjusting our social institutions to the changed technological foundations basic to our age. As yet we have failed to make this adjustment and this fact is at the bottom of our world wars and revolutions which in turn create most of our miseries. No one can deny the note of tragic suffering which our age is imposing on millions of people.

Oh, world of tragedy and shame;
Oh, world of stark and bitter need;
Must we be led like bleating lambs
Over the precipice of greed?
Must blow of smoke in evil span
Wipe out the rays of stars and sun
And catapult evolving man
Into oblivion?

It is a feature of our age that the people who have been called on to suffer so much in the past are not in a mood to put up with it in the future. Revolutionary ferment is everywhere as people bandy about slogans like "freedom from want" and "freedom from fear" and develop techniques of pressure to realize these goals. Herein lies the rational explanation of the transformation in functions of government which is a twentieth century phenomenon the world over. It is silly to castigate New Deals and socialistic trends in Britain, Scandinavia, Australia, New Zealand, indeed almost everywhere, as red menaces; they should be regarded rather as experimental efforts to meet popular demand on a level compatible with democracy. As such, they are designed to forestall Fascist and Nazi and Bolshevik false promises which win converts but lead only to betrayal.

Whether American bourgeois like it or not, the twentieth century has long since ceased to be a bourgeois century like the nineteenth; for good or for bad, it proudly calls itself the century of the common man. But the common man does not stand isolated as an individual. He has achieved what wealth and power he has by organization. Private enterprise even in America has changed entirely since the days of Andrew Carnegie in the early part of the century; it is now a matter of corporations and trusts organized on a giant scale. Labor, too, has organized on a scale never dreamed of in past history and government is merely in harmony with these trends when it both expands in personnel and functions with at least the excuse that it represents the public at large. It is left for the intellectuals, least organized of twentieth century social groups, to express genuine concern for the future of liberalism and even basic human freedoms in a society which technology has converted into so complex an organism.

A second facet of the problem of adjusting social institutions to technological foundations is how to reconcile the vitality of nationalism with the imperative of international organization. Events of the century have revealed nationalism as the most potent of all our social imponderables. It has disrupted the bourgeois empires of Britain, France and the Netherlands; it has penetrated backward Mohammedan countries like Afghanistan, Persia and the Arab League; it has converted the Jews to Zionism and created a new Palestine in the family of the United Nations; it rose to disrupt Hitler's empire through Dutch, Polish, Czechoslovakian, Norwegian and French resistance movements; it has now raised its head in the form of Titoism to challenge Bolshevism behind the iron curtain, and it may render uneasy the newly formed partnership of Soviet Russia and Communist China. Yet within the century this same nationalism has run amuck and has become a cause of many of our woes; it has penetrated economics and culture and even

religion; it has produced fearful monstrosities such as Fascism and Nazism; it is converting international Communism into Russian Soviet Imperialism.

How can we reconcile the apparently irreconcilable? How preserve the regenerative vitality of nationalism yet achieve that minimum of international organization essential to economic prosperity and the prevention of war?

A third most difficult feature of our problem of technological adjustment is directly traceable to the rapidity of change. The psychological and intellectual confusion inherent in the kaleidoscopic changes of the twentieth century is perhaps its most baffling feature. Take one example only—the rise and fall of nations in the twentieth century. The bid of Germany and Japan for world power, their near success and their total failure; the eclipse of France; the decline of Britain from world ascendancy in 1900 to a humiliating dependence on American doles in 1950; the rise of India to a position of leadership in the Far East; the catapulting of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. to dominant competitors for global ascendancy. Such instabilities terribly complicate problems of international equilibrium and organization; they also lead to definite mass psychoses like the selfish cynicism of the Germans and the anti-Red fear complex of an underconfident American public. Within the realm of moral and spiritual as well as institutional values, this rapidity of change confronts us all with a tremendous responsibility. What of the past should we cherish and preserve? What should we condemn and discard as obsolete? And what new should we put in its place?

These are the big problems for the world of culture and education in the mid-twentieth century. If you are not at least asking them you have not proceeded very far into your education. The creative artists of our age, you must know, with unfailing sensitivity, react to all these problems and perplexities. Gone are the optimistic certainties and many of the bourgeois values of the nineteenth century. Think of the philosophers of our age: William James with his Pragmatism written in 1907; Henri Bergson with his "Creative Evolution"; Benedetto Croce with his Philosophy as "Science of the Spirit"; Oswald Spengler with his "Decline of the West"; Jean-Paul Sartre, with his Existentialism. Think of the psychologists: Freud and Jung with their probings into the dark depths of the subconscious. Think of the literary men: the iconoclasm of Anatole France; the perennial Bernard Shaw; Aldous Huxley with his encyclopedic knowledge of science and his "Brave New World"; Eugene O'Neill with his powerful pessimism; Sinclair Lewis with his biting satire; Marcel Proust with his social psychoanalysis; André Gide with his cynicism and anarchism; T. S. Eliot with his desperate effort to escape from industrial and material civilization; Thomas Mann with his caustic parable of "The Magic Mountain"; Maxim Gorki, friend of Lenin and Stalin, the poet of the proletariat. Think of the artists: Picasso and Diego Rivera, Rodin and Epstein, with their social sensitivity to the common man but with their restlessness, their distortion, their exaggeration, their obscurity. Think of the musicians of the twentieth century: the querulous impressionism of Debussy, through Maurice Ravel's bold dissonances and the turbulent radicalism of Stravinsky, Shostakovich and Arnold Schonberg.

These and many other men of culture feel the problems; they do not know the answers. With the passing of nineteenth century optimism has gone much of its faith in progress. Ours has been to date the century of the prophets of doom. But if your mind is sensitized to your age you may hear other voices: Count Leo Tolstoy, Gandhi and Kagawa with their cults of peace and brotherhood; Albert Schweitzer with his science devoted to missionary activities; Woodrow Wilson and Wendell Willkie with their faith in one world; Winston Churchill showing sublime courage with his back against the wall; Vannevar Bush, atomic scientist, with his belief that free men can master modern arms; Arnold Toynbee, perhaps the wisest of our philosophers of history, who sees in all the problems of our age only the workings of the principles of challenge and response, by which all people throughout history have been tested and all progress achieved.

Among the visions we must recapture as we plunge into the second era of the twentieth century, I am sure, is something far older than our own age—the apocalyptic optimism of the Book of Revelations:

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain for the former things are passed away.

Not a promise for our age; surely not a promise for civilization on this earth in any age. But a God who promises it at all will hardly forsake his children, even in the twentieth century.



Have you sent in your contribution to the Alumni Furnishing Fund, Students' Union Building?

AS OLD AS EARTH

We are not strangers we who sit apart,
Though the wide pole divides our dwelling place
With chance of speech and custom, but the heart
Beats at the old familiar human pace,
With cloud and sunshine on each loveliest face.

One love of home and kindred, one of blood,
With all its ancient, prideful history
Of placid flow and ragings at the flood;
How alien yet the corporate wills may be,
One hope still bounds our frail mortality.

Those joyful banners in the morning light
Glowed rose and crimson on each swelling fold;
But that false dawn soon faded from the sight,
And that bright hope a furtive whisper told
In Moscow's endless night of want and cold.

We too have supped with tyranny and found
The freedman's feast was slavish fare instead;
Still home-bred, factious demagogues abound
To starve our spirits that our mouths be fed,
But nourishment is somehow more than bread.

But earth goes on its changeless way and night
Returns the constellations in its sweep,
With their familiar faces, our delight;
So leave the Dragon and the Bear to keep
Their watch above our unembattled sleep.

And time, believe, will bring again the dawn,
Some vast, authentic daybreak, surely planned
Since first primeval darkness was withdrawn;
The sun that blesses now this favored land
Tomorrow lightens Kursk and Samarkand.

R. J. LANG.

A Normal Student Remembers

By Georgina H. Thomson

It was a saying of the late Dr. Broadus that one should always consider both the reverse and the obverse side of any question. This came to my mind when I read in *The New Trail* some numbers back, Miss Olive Fisher's interesting article on the old Calgary Normal School. Here Miss Fisher made the statement that to the many who attended the Calgary Normal, those were among the happiest days of their lives. I attended the Calgary Normal, and I was not happy, but that, I hasten to add, was before Miss Fisher's day.

I had just passed my sixteenth birthday when I left the farm to enroll at Normal, and was as green as they come. At that time the building on 4th Avenue West, now known as McDougall School, had just been completed and opened as the Alberta Normal and Practice School. With its white sandstone walls, classical lines and interior panelling of oak, it seemed to me the last word in architecture.

A large percentage of the students were teachers from Ontario and other Eastern provinces, now working for their Alberta certificates, and they seemed very mature, and even "ancient" to those of us who had just come from High School.

The first morning we gathered in the Assembly Hall, and the principal (not Dr. Coffin—it was before his day too) stood up on the platform, and after a few introductory remarks, leaned forward and demanded, "What is the first and most important qualification for a good teacher?"

Feeling safe in my obscurity, I waited calmly for the question to be answered, probably by one of those wise men from the East. The principal meanwhile was running his finger down the register, and suddenly I was galvanized to hear my own name called. My heart missed a beat and then raced furiously. My face grew red and I felt all eyes were on me, though to the principal and most of the students I was only a name. At last, from my recollections of teachers I had had in the past, I produced an answer. "To know a lot," I piped up in a trembling voice.

In the silence that followed, the principal gazed witheringly down at this ignorant specimen that chance had brought to his notice. "The first qualification for a good teacher," he finally said with awful emphasis, "is a good moral character."

At that time the word "moral" meant little to me except perhaps that one should not tell lies nor cheat, but I felt properly squashed. Normal had not begun happily.

Miss Georgina H. Thomson has again taken time out from her busy life as a librarian in Calgary to recall a bit of the "good old days." The editor had thought that he was one of the earliest graduates, still in circulation, of that old Normal School on Fourth Avenue West, but **A Normal Student Remembers** proves conclusively that there is at least one other person who has seniority.

The principal taught English, a subject I had always enjoyed. One day he dictated a paragraph to us and asked us to write a criticism of it. I remember to this day how it began: "The first snow fell. How beautiful it was, falling on the homes of the living and on the graves of the dead." I rather liked the rhythm and mildly melancholy mood of it, but one of the Ontario teachers sneered at it and thought it very poor stuff indeed. My confidence had been so shaken by my first experience that I mistrusted my own judgment, and proceeded to pick the extract to pieces. Wrong again. I had been right in my own opinion, but lost out deservedly from being a copy cat.

Not long after this, another member of the staff who taught geography, took us for a long walk around Calgary, along the Elbow River and up over the heights later to become the city's fashionable residential area. We studied the formation of flood plains and cut banks, and to finish off, were told to make a sketch map of the city from the hill, showing the two rivers, the islands, hills, etc. I toiled away at it without much recognizable result, but on the way home, one of the boys gave me a tip. Following his advice, I went to a real estate office and bought a map of Calgary for a quarter. My copy of it wasn't bad and only a few minor corrections were suggested by the instructor, who gave me a good mark.

Another of our teachers was Mr. James Collins Miller, who later won some prominence as an educationist and published a few books. He was then a young man, and I accidentally found out something about him that made him seem more human than the other instructors. Some books had been left for us to browse through, and opening one, I found it to be a sort of expense book of Mr. Miller's which he had left with the others by mistake. There before my eyes among other items was "Valentine . . . 75c." Immediately he became endowed with a halo of romance.

Among the subjects which he taught was manual training, and about the only distinction I won in these long four months was for a model of Little Red Riding Hood that I made in plasticine. Dr. Miller showed it to the class and put it among the special productions in a glass case. No one will ever know what comfort it brought to my confused and defeated spirit.

Miss Burnett was another compensation. She taught us primary work and art. One day she too took us for a walk along the river, the Bow this time, and around Prince's Island where we watched the water in the mill race and where we actually found some fringed gentians. These we took back to school and had to draw. Our drawings were all done in a "drawing-book" which I still have. Besides the gentians, there is a still life study of pears grouped besides a ginger jar, a back view of a little girl with long curls, Miss Burnett's coat and rubbers, and a very distorted representation of a house drawn from the schoolroom window "to perspective." At the end of the term the books were turned in and marked, and strangely enough, I passed.

After some weeks we were divided into groups, each with a leader, and went from room to room of the practice school to "observe." After observing the required number of times, we were each assigned a lesson to teach for one of the

practice school teachers. My first lesson was "The Gopher," to a Grade IV class. To any child brought up on the prairie, gophers are as familiar as flies. Children on the farms snare gophers, and trap gophers and poison gophers. It was not an inspiring subject. The leader of my group was an earnest youth who set out to get me a stuffed gopher as a model. The one he got had either been done by an amateur or left in an unfinished state by the taxidermist, for its front paws were not stuffed and they hung down dejectedly in front of it. The children knew as much about gophers as I did and were as bored as I was, and that stuffed model had a very depressing effect on all of us. I did the best I could, but when I finished, the teacher told me it was obvious from my lesson that I did not love either animals or children. She did not give me a pass.

Next I was required to teach a Grade VI class how to draw a bunch of grapes. It was winter time, but I managed to buy a bunch of grapes for what to me was a fabulous sum. I refrained from eating any, and before the lesson began, I took the grapes to the front of the classroom and tied them to a nail, with a large sheet of paper mounted behind them to show them off. But before we got nicely started, the stem broke and the bunch fell to ruin on the floor!

My last lesson, however, was a big success. The assignment was to teach a junior class how to write a letter to Santa Claus. It was nearly Christmas time, and their enthusiasm was unbounded. We romped through it in great style, and I was given my one and only "Excellent."

As a final ordeal we were each asked to write a letter of application for a position in an imaginary school district. These were handed in and the next day the principal had two of them copied on the blackboard, one to show how it should be done, the other a horrible example of how not to do it. The horrible example was, of course, mine.

Well, it was all over at last. Even if I hadn't passed, I was going home for Christmas! I was wildly happy at the thought, and the very first train south found me seated, bag and baggage, headed for the farm. Just before the train started, however, the vice-principal came hurrying along, looking for me. He had brought my interim certificate down to me. Somehow I had passed after all. Teachers were scarce in those days too!



Have you sent your new address to the alumni office?

Colleges Are Hard Up

Colleges all over the country are finding it tougher than ever to keep the wolf from the ivy-covered door. This fall they will send out the lustiest appeal ever for help from their alumni.

"Why?" you may ask if you are a harassed alumnus. "Why can't a college run its finances on a businesslike basis and make ends meet without continually having to ask the alumni for donations?"

The reason lies in three basic facts of college financial life.

It is better that private colleges do *not* break even and *do* depend on gifts to keep going. If private colleges charged each student the actual cost of educating him, they would soon become schools for the children of the rich. Only one seventh of the students could stay if they or their parents had to pay the full cost of their education.

If state and other public universities tried to "live within their regular income," they too would deteriorate. Although these public universities receive bread-and-butter money from state and local governments, it is the extra money from alumni that makes a great university out of what otherwise might be a mediocre public school.

It was the same when you were in college. You were on a hidden scholarship whether you knew it or not. Contributions by some long-forgotten alumnus gave you a better education than you paid for. And if you won an actual cash scholarship, remember that today it would be worth only half what it was 10 years ago.

* * * *

Five hundred dollars is what it now costs, on the average, to provide one year of college education for a boy or girl. (This figure does not include room and board.) The tuition fee charged by the average private college, even with recent increases, covers only 70% of this cost. The other 30% must come from somewhere—and most of it comes from interest on endowment funds and current-expense gifts from alumni.

Many private colleges necessarily spend a lot more on each student than this \$500 average. Haverford College in Pennsylvania, fortunately well endowed, puts out \$1,117 per year on each student but charges only \$620. Income from endowment and gifts from alumni make up the difference.

This fall Haverford is trying to raise 1¼ million dollars, of which 1 million will go toward increasing faculty salaries, \$200,000 to increase the endowment for scholarships, and \$50,000 to funds for buying books.

On the West Coast, Reed College at Portland, Ore., spends around \$700 on each student, but the student pays only \$500. Another \$100 comes from interest

Colleges Are Hard Up is one of the challenging articles appearing in the October last issue of the Kiplinger Magazine, **Changing Times**. We are grateful to the Senior Editor, Mr. Clarence G. Marshall, for permission to use **Colleges Are Hard Up** in **The New Trail**.

on endowment and current gifts. The remaining \$100 doesn't come from anywhere at the moment. The college is running \$100 per student in the red.

A rough rule of thumb for private colleges is that tuition fees just about cover the salaries of the professors. All other expenses must come from somewhere else.

The state and municipal universities, supported largely by tax money, don't rely so heavily on gifts. But gifts provide the students with certain extras, including scholarships and loans, that would never be provided from regular funds.

Of the \$500 it costs on the average to educate a student for one year at a state or municipal university, roughly 70% comes from public funds, 20% from student fees, 5% from sales and services, and 5% from gifts and interest on endowments. That 5% may not look very large but it provides a margin, the same kind of margin 5% more income would give your own family.

One typical large midwestern institution, Ohio State University, spends \$830 for one year of education for each student. It receives \$453 per student from the state legislature, \$112 from the student, and \$70 in gifts from alumni and interest on the endowment. The balance comes largely from services provided by the University such as research projects, clinics, hospitals, etc.

The alumni of this school contribute over \$300,000 a year to the university's Development Fund. This year part of the money will go into a \$100,000 war memorial scholarship fund; part for research projects which range from nuclear physics to ceramics; and part into a fund to aid students who may need help as the GI Bill of Rights expires.

But that is not all the alumni achieve when they contribute to this fund. They show that there are 13,000 loyal graduates who are willing to invest money in the university's future. This voluntary support makes a strong and favorable impression on the members of the state legislature. Without it, the legislators perhaps would not be as liberal in voting funds for the university.

* * * *

In the old days contributions to colleges used to come in big chunks from relatively few philanthropists. And endowment funds could safely be invested at high interest rates. Today, because of steeply graduated income taxes, big philanthropists are becoming fewer and fewer. And interest rates are down, many a college that once got a 5% return on endowment funds now gets 3½% or 3%.

To make matters worse, while big contributions and endowment yield have been going down, the price of everything a college buys, from coal to paper clips, has been going up. Today these prices are from 50% to 100% above the prewar level.

Repairs to college buildings and equipment were postponed, first because materials were not available, then because prices were too high. But today the limit has been reached. Maintenance can no longer be deferred.

Faculties are overworked. The big influx of GI's was treated as an emergency and professors pitched in and taught extra classes with little or no extra pay. But today faculty members are tired and anxious to get back to their normal work

load. Many, dissatisfied with low pay and long hours, are deserting to private industry.

A businessman faced with such a problem would probably raise the price of his product and strive for a bigger volume to cut the cost per unit. But this doesn't work with colleges.

If the price were raised to cover the increasing cost of education, a great many deserving students never could go to college. As it is, tuition fees are up about 25% since before the war. Most college presidents feel the limit has been reached.

The volume of business done by the college has increased tremendously under the GI Bill of Rights. Many people have the idea that this is a boon, particularly to private colleges, but it is more of a boomerang. Even under the GI Bill, private colleges receive only around 70% of the cost of educating each student. Thus the more students there are, the more the college must furnish from its income from gifts and endowment.

James Phinney Baxter, president of Williams College at Williamstown, Mass., explains it this way: "The GI Bill of Rights has meant not a \$500 per head subsidy to the colleges, but an increase in the number of students carried at half cost. Every added student is an added deficit."

How about cheapening the product, carrying a larger number of students with the same faculty? It has been done to some degree already. Harvard's tutorial system has been curtailed. In certain of the large lecture classes at some state universities, some students see their teacher only from a distance. They are part of a class which must listen to lectures over a loud speaker. But cheapening the product is the last thing that any college wants to do.

A better solution, perhaps, is the one most colleges are choosing. Get a lot of little philanthropists to step in and take the place of the vanishing big philanthropists. Get a lot of small annual gifts to supplement the shrinking return on endowment.

* * * *

You, as an alumnus, are naturally elected to do the job. And you, as an alumnus, are already doing it pretty well. Last year alumni gave more money to their colleges than ever before in history. The figure was up 25% from the previous year.

Colleges are learning how to get your money—because they have to. Alumni have not always been popular on the campus. The late Charles Eliot, president of Harvard, used the phrase "pestiferous alumni." Chancellor Robert Maynard Hutchins of the University of Chicago once said, "Alumni are interested in all the things that do not matter." But today, alumni are considered more respectfully. They are under intense cultivation by everybody from the president to the assistant instructor.

And hundreds of college officials are getting to be expert fund raisers. The 450 members of the American Alumni Council, who exhort each other in a semi-humorous song to "treat alumni rough and get their money," meet once a year to trade ideas and swap literature. Unlike businessmen, they are not in competition

with each other. The alumnus of one college is almost automatically excluded from being an alumnus of any of the others. So when one alumni secretary hits on a good scheme to make the old grads give, he is likely to pass it on to his colleagues.

Put your college in your annual budget along with the Red Cross and Community Chest. That kind of appeal, developed by several colleges, will be in style this fall. If you are a recent graduate you may be asked to give just a dollar. The college wants your interest now. Later, when you are in your thirties, you will probably be good for \$5. Still later, maybe \$50 or \$500. But the accent is on steady small gifts by the largest possible number.

It pays off, this mass soliciting. One college fund raiser became so expert at it that he won a prize from a convention of the Direct Mail Advertising Association as one of the "50 Direct Mail Leaders" in the country in competition with the best merchandising corporations in the land.

A good college money solicitor has a hundred tricks to revive the alumnus' slumbering loyalty to alma mater. "Make out a check and put this red feather in your cap," the solicitation may say, with a miniature red feather enclosed. One alumni secretary uses a "conscience unbotherer," mailed to thousands of alumni, which turns out to be a couple of cotton ear plugs for the man who does not want to hear the still small voice telling him to give to his alma mater.

Each alumnus of one eastern university gets a letter on scented blue stationery, written in a feminine hand, signed "Dorothy." Unfair, you may say—but colleges have to compete with everyone else to get a minute of your time.

This fall you will hear from your old college—if it can find you. The envelope may have no return address in the upper left-hand corner. Or it may appear, at first, to come from your old football coach. That is to try to get you to open the letter. Sure, it's a trick, but don't throw the message away until you ask yourself a couple of questions.

Do you know the facts about your college's financial status—size of tuition, cost of educating one student for one year, salary of a full professor? If you don't know, find out from your college president.

You yourself got a better education than you paid for. Others can get the same thing today only with your help.



A Canadian French-Language Grammar

By Neil E. A. Ronaghan

Much has been said and written recently about the best ways to establish better understanding between the two main language groups in Canada. Fostering this understanding is a work of great importance and a worth-while full-time project.

It has occurred to me that there is something very definite that can be done here in the schools of Alberta.

I make daily use of the standard text for the teaching of French in grades ten and eleven in Alberta high schools, *Premier Cours de Français* by Roux. The textbook is good and has much to recommend it.

However, it appears to have been written for schools in the United States, a country whose connections with the French language are not nearly so intimate as Canada's are. The pictures are interesting, the short stories are good, but for the Canadian student there is no hint that the French language is "right here" and "at home" in Canada. Far from that, we are told on page 238 that "nous célébrons notre Fête Nationale le 4 juillet et les Français célèbrent la leur le 14 juillet." I notice that in my copy I have changed the line to read "le 1^{er} juillet et les Français . . . etc."!

I think it would not be expensive to arrange certain changes in this textbook. First could come some changes in the text itself. I have mentioned one small one already. How about a "lecture" on Canada's national day and its story? Some of the "lectures" could tell about French Canada, its people, cities, industries, history, literature and culture. How about a "lecture" devoted to the story of Lavallee and his composition "O Canada"?

Then, to illustrate these "lectures," there could be pictures of Quebec City and Montreal and, to keep the record straight, of the new powerhouse at Shipshaw. To illustrate the history "lectures," some shots of scenes in Quebec's Wax Museum would be appropriate. There are paintings by Clarence Gagnon, Andre Morency and others that could be reproduced inexpensively in half-tones. The industries could be represented, farming, lumbering, fishing and who could neglect the "sugar bush"?

A song section is a "must" and songs like "Gai Lon La" will find enthusiastic singers in our Alberta schools.

By way of introduction to Canadian literature in the French language, a selection from *Maria Chapdelaine* merits a place, and there is an excellent set of illustrations for this story by Thoreau Macdonald from which to choose.

To drive home a point about life in the province of Quebec there is nothing better than a picture of a road with a bilingual sign in the foreground, "School"—

The writer of this short article, Neil E. A. Ronaghan, B Ed '46, is at present located at Dewberry, Alberta. *A Canadian French-Language Grammar* is very timely, and we wish that Mr. Ronaghan had not been quite so modest in writing about this important topic

"Ecole." Such a picture may be seen in the educational film "French-Canadian Children."

The amount of good material is large, and the only task would be to make a good selection from the large quantity available.

The question of cost should not provide much difficulty. There is always a market for the present textbook; there could be a larger one for such a book as I have suggested. If I interpret correctly a feeling which is widespread throughout Canada, other provinces would authorize the book for use in schools, and the large turnover would cover the cost of production.

The work of mutual understanding must roll on like the broad "fleuve St. Laurent" (apologies here to Churchill), and I believe such a project as this would at least provide a "speeding breeze."



MIDDLE-AGED

By Georgina H. Thomson

Turning the pages idly
In an old book today,
I found some flowers I once had pressed
In youth's romantic way.

A faded yellow rosebud,
Some fragile maidenhair,
A lily-of-the-valley sprig,
Its scent still faintly there.

I touched the withered petals
And sighed a sigh or so
To think of all the tenderness
I felt so long ago.

What was the great occasion?
Commencement or a ball?
A wedding or a funeral?
I'm blest if I recall!

DESERT SPRINGTIME IN ARIZONA

By Ernest R. Tinkham

Slender trumpet, Ocotillo,
Scarlet red—Now call the spring!
Resurrect the sleeping flowers:
Call the birds to nest and sing.

Then the spring comes like a virgin,
And her moist lips kiss the earth
And the golden Palo Verdes
Blossom forth in wondrous birth.

The Ironwoods—her filmy veil
Dyed in deep wistaria blue;
And the chollas and the cacti
Trim her dress of saffron hue.

See the strange bird, Paisano,
Road Runner or Chap'ral Cock,
Tail erect, he spies the lizard
From his perch on top a rock.

And the Mariposa lilies
Growing on the grav'lly hills,
Are her chaliced vases, tinted
Purple brown, with crimson frills.

Then White-winged Doves come winging north,
Nesting where Sahuaros grow,
To feed their young on wine-red fruit
When the hot June breezes blow.

Thus the desert springtime passes,
Seared with ochre and rust brown;
And the virgin's wedding dresses
Change into her summer gown.

Published in **Arizona Highways**, March, 1947.

Pronunciation: ocotillo (o-co-tee-yo), chollas (choy-as), sahuaros (sa-war-oes).

Trail Blazers



Mary Macbeth

Miss Mary Macbeth has recently been appointed chief nutritionist with the nutrition division of the Federal Health Department. She is the second Alberta graduate to hold this important position. She was preceded by Miss Grace Duggan, now a member of the Household Economics Department at Alberta.

Mary Macbeth is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Macbeth of Edmonton. She graduated with a B.Sc. in household economics in 1938. Upon graduation she received additional training as a dietitian in Eaton's in Toronto, under Miss Riley. She then went to the federal government's Bureau of Nutrition, in Ottawa, where she worked with Dr. Pett, a former member of the faculty at Alberta. In 1944 she was senior research nutritionist in the bureau.

In 1947 Miss Macbeth was awarded a British Council Research Fellowship, which took her to Britain for postgraduate study. She spent eighteen months in England where she obtained her B.Litt degree from Cambridge. She also attended a summer course at the University of Aberdeen and spent some time on the continent observing nutrition work in post-war Europe.

The bureau in which she is now chief nutritionist engages in research, industrial surveys and educational work. Its purpose is to study nutrition throughout Canada and to improve nutritional standards by its educational program. Much interesting work has been done in surveys of Indian schools and of various representative groups from all provinces of the Dominion.



W. Stanley Harcroft



Walter Stanley Hartroft

Walter Stanley Hartroft, a 1941 graduate in medicine, is now associate professor in the Banting and Best Department of Medical Research, University of Toronto.

Born in Calgary in 1916, Stanley Hartroft was a distinguished student during his undergraduate years in medicine. The year of his graduation he was awarded a B.Sc. on the basis of a thesis and a year's research in anatomy for which he took a year out of his regular medical course.

Following graduation he spent two years as research assistant in the Department of Histology of the University of Western Ontario. Here he worked on problems connected with aviation under the National Research Council and the Department of National Defence. In 1943-44 he was a fellow in the Department of Pathology and Bacteriology, University of Toronto.

He spent two years overseas with the R.C.A.M.C. as a major-pathologist. He had charge for a time of his department in the Basingstoke Neurologic and Plastic Surgical Hospital. Later he served in hospitals in Holland and finally in the Army of Occupation at Wilhelmshaven and Oldenburg.

On his return from overseas he went to the University of Toronto as research associate in the Banting and Best Institute. In 1947 he became assistant professor. He received his Ph.D. in pathology in 1949 with a thesis entitled "The Pathology of Choline Deficiency". He was also awarded the 1949 prize in medicine by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada.

Dr. Hartroft has presented papers before the Royal Society of Canada and before the American Medical Association Convention in New York. He has published articles also in the Canadian Medical Association Journal and the Ontario Medical Review.



Book Review

The Crisis in the University

By Sir Walter Moberly

The Macmillan Company (for Canada), 1949. Pp. 316.

"The crisis in the University reflects the crisis in the world and its pervading sense of insecurity." Sir Walter Moberly discovers this pervading sense of insecurity to flow mainly from the fading out of the Christian tradition in Western lands. Our institutions, mores, customs, rituals are still informed of Christian ethics, but we live, as it were, on the capital investments of our fathers. Faith in a transcendental Christianity has been dissipating slowly for centuries; in the present generation it is rapidly dissolving. To the challenge of Christian doctrine, the attitude of the man in the street is one of apathy or derision. Universities tacitly assume its irrelevance to the business of living. In the face of a vanishing clientele an established church becomes an hypocrisy.

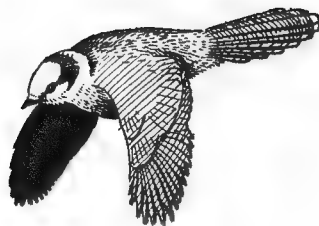
This picture of the present Sir Walter documents thoroughly. His concern it with the way out. Scientific humanism, classical humanism, and a return to the Christian tradition are examined and discarded. The universities he concludes must, for their own salvation, move towards a broad intellectual honesty, a willingness to seek truth for living wherever it may be found—whether in Darwin, La Place, Plato, Freud, or Christ. Restriction of view at the university level is treason. At the moment, science, professional training, and to a lesser extent the humanities have their place in the sun. But the wisdom of Palestine, that intellectual and spiritual sustenance of great men and great civilizations, ought not to be lost by default. Christianity, Sir Walter contends, must stand on its own merits, accepted if found worth while, rejected if proven superfluous to a modern age.

Universities are no longer ivory towers, but neither are they instruments of the state. They have it within themselves to become beacons of light and enlightenment to the people or alternatively derelicts driven by vagrant winds of uninformed opinion. From time to time course and bearings ought to be carefully recharted, and at no time more urgently than at present.

The uncompromising realism of Sir Walter makes his book intellectually satisfying, and provides a pleasant contrast to the number of "return to something" books recently appearing.

H. E. SMITH.





Whiskeyjack . . .

Concerning Pigs

Before the white man came, there were no pigs in Alberta.

This statement is not meant to be personal. It is literal, not metaphorical. As a plain, uncoloured, unvarnished matter of fact, before white men came there were no pigs in this broad land. There were no hogs, no sows, no boars, no swine, no shoats, in short, no pigs. And the Christopher Columbus of pigs, the first to arrive, occupies an unmarked grave, if a grave at all. Facts are indeed stranger than fiction.

How was it possible to conduct life without pigs? What social amenities were possible in an unpigified existence? No bacon for breakfast. No pork barrel. No ham and eggs. No lard. No school-girl complexions. No spare ribs and sauerkraut. No football games. Though there might be compensations (no shaving brushes, and a delightfully whiskery landscape), without pigs life would be reduced to the bare (but not unwhiskered) and brutish. Without pigs one cannot even bring up children properly, for how can one rear a child without ever counting on his toes:

This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home,
This little pig got bread and cheese,
This little pig got none,
This little pig cried, "Wee, wee, wee" all the way home.

And without the tale of "The Three Little Pigs" and "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," childhood would be dreary indeed. It is certainly impossible to teach good manners without pigs for examples: "Don't be a dirty little pig, you pig!"

Christopher Columbus Pig has had a numerous progeny, running into millions, and they have played a splendid part in the development of this Province and in helping to save Britain in lean and hungry days. Now that the Historical Sites and Monuments Board has raised a monument to the Buffalo, we may expect that Christopher Columbus Pig will also be suitably remembered. No doubt many towns and villages will be rivals for the honor, but perhaps the best site for his monument (since the actual pen where he wallowed is unknown) would be that University which has contributed so much to the proper breeding, care, and feeding of pigs. In terms of money, the University has given millions of dollars to the Province through its study of pigs alone. It may also claim to have singularly free and unencumbered grounds where no other monuments would artistically conflict with whatever design may be chosen to honor C. C. Pig.

These reflections are inspired by a letter from a graduate:

"Here is a cheque for \$75.00 received recently from the University for one of my AR Yorkshire boars. I wanted to present this animal to the Department of Animal Science, but Drs. Sinclair and McElroy stated that they preferred to pay for it. However, they suggested that I might pass the cheque along to you for the Friends' cause, so here it is. If it is possible to earmark this for the furtherance of the Animal Science work, I should appreciate it. I can't promise this amount each year, but we'll continue the \$5.00 at least."

To an outsider, the reluctance of the Department of Animal Science to accept the boar as a gift may seem strange—but money is never an embarrassment, and a boar may be. If the animal should prove unsuitable for University studies and experiments, it is easier to dispose of it if it was originally acquired in a strictly business transaction. And it could well be unsuitable, even though of the finest breeding and quality. Then, the Department may be in great need of things which money can buy, but have all the livestock necessary. Some universities in the U.S. have become "building poor," because benefactors have given them lavish buildings but no money for maintenance. In a sense, it is the dilemma of the girl who gets ten boxes of chocolates for Christmas, but can't afford to buy a pair of stockings. The Department of Animal Science is therefore not to be blamed for looking a gift-boar in the public relations. After all, whatever biologists may say, it is quite possible for an AR Yorkshire boar to become a white elephant.

Nevertheless, this animal does set a precedent: it is the first time that a pig has been numbered among the Friends of the University. Mrs. Elsey to the contrary notwithstanding, we had always supposed pigs to be selfish, but this little pig

obviously is not: he is giving his all for others. At the moment he is in flourishing good health at the University Farm where he is making a noble effort to improve the stock of Alberta piggery. But we are reluctant to create a variant of the old rhyme, lest someone should think we feel contempt for students. It might run:

This little pig went to Varsity,
This little pig stayed home.

And yet the rhyme itself, when seriously considered, does nothing more than bolster our ancient contention, that the ways of life are whimsical and strange, that merit is not always recognized, and that many a boy who, perforce, "stays home," deserves the opportunities that the University might open to him.

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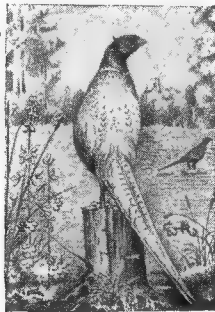
NEW FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY

(November, 1949—March, 1950)

Model Dairies, 308 Seventeenth Avenue West, Calgary.

* * * *

N.B.—Friends of the University are those who subscribe five dollars a year or more to provide scholarships and research facilities, extras, for the University. They receive *The New Trail* without further subscriptions.—Ed.



The Annual Meeting

February 11, 1950, was a busy day. In fact, for those members of council who gathered in the Senate Chamber, the hour of adjournment came much too quickly. The meeting was somewhat of an occasion, and it goes without saying that all who were able to be present did full justice to it.

Dr. G. Fred McNally, chancellor of the University, and honorary president of the Alumni Association, and Dr. Newton, our University president, welcomed the councillors and touched briefly on affairs of interest to graduates in general. Both speakers commented with satisfaction on the happy relations that have always existed between the alumni organization and the University and expressed the hope that this feeling of good will would continue, in the interests of all, to bring desirable results.

The tour of the Students' Union Building, under the personal supervision of Tevie Miller, president of the Students' Union, was a happy break from the routine of annual reports. To say that the visitors were impressed is putting it very mildly. Rumour has it that some of those who graduated some few years ago are now planning to come back to the old campus and go all through the grind again, just for the fun of having a real students' building to frequent.

The President, Barclay Pitfield, seemed most cheered by the excellent attendance. Not for a very long time has the council meeting been attended by delegates from so many far-flung parts of Canada. In all, five provinces were represented: there were Mrs. Doreen McGee (Ottawa), Dr. Dorothy Barnhouse (Winnipeg), Miss Mary Donaldson (Saskatoon), Mrs. Helen Burns (Victoria), and the following from Alberta points: Isidore Goresky (Thorhild), Fred Hannotchko (Two Hills), Bob Bannerman (Calgary), B. F. Souch (Medicine Hat), Dr. Jack Chalmers (Sedgewick), Tom Ford (Lacombe), Miss Dorothy Guild (Edmonton) and Ray Dixon (Edmonton). The President was most happy to welcome as ex-officio members Tevie Miller, president of the Students' Union, and Stan Jones, president of the senior year.

At lunch hour the council members were guests of the University. Dr. Walter Johns, in the absence of Dr. Newton, was official host and offered a special word of cheer and encouragement to all participating in the day's activities.

* * * *

The afternoon session was devoted to reports—some good and some not so much so. The President expressed his satisfaction at the co-operation he had received in his office, and made a strong plea for still more active participation on the part of all alumni. He referred in glowing terms to the visits he had paid last fall to the eastern branches, and stated that he hoped for a handsome response from them in the matter of the Alumni Furnishing Fund for the Students' Union Building.

The Secretary-Treasurer's reports were presented, seriously considered and approved. The chief points to be noted follow.

(a) The Henry Marshall Tory Memorial Bursary Fund has now reached a sum sufficient to ensure a bursary of three hundred dollars to be awarded every

third year: henceforth revenue from life memberships will be placed in the association's general revenue trust fund.

(b) During the year 1949, 1,792 alumni paid dues. As many graduates send in dues at a time for from two to ten years, this means that there are in all a total of 2,310 members in good standing.

(c) The costs of Volume VII of *The New Trail* (1949) showed a sharp rise over those of previous years. This is largely due to an expanded distribution list and to general rises in costs of every sort. This situation was found to be largely responsible for a rather substantial deficit in the year's operations. Some useful suggestions were offered for effecting some economies in the publishing and distributing of the magazine, but the general consensus of opinion was that *The New Trail* is doing all right, that it is worth what it costs and that the best solution for the problem of rising costs is a really marked increase in the number of readers in good standing.

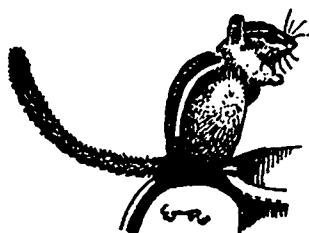
(d) The various reports from the branches were in some instances encouraging and in others—well, one needed quite a good bit of imagination to find much cause for rejoicing in them. It is the same old story: everyone is busy, busy, busy: too many engagements, too many demands, too little interest in the branches as such. A thorough study of the situation of the branches is becoming increasingly urgent.

In general, considerable time was devoted to discussion of such matters as increasing the annual dues, making the subscription to *The New Trail* a separate charge, encouraging faculty associations and stimulating interest in alumni affairs. However, no definite decisions in these matters were recorded by council.

* * * *

Elections and nominations resulted in the re-election of Dr. A. C. McGugan, superintendent of the University Hospital, as vice-president of the Alumni Association for 1950, and the election of Gordon Wynn, Winslow Hamilton and a representative from the Nurses' Alumnae to be members of the Executive Committee. For the year 1950, then, the latter committee will be composed of the four statutory members, the President, Barclay Pitfield, the Vice-President, Dr. A. C. McGugan, the Immediate Past President, Dr. W. H. Swift, the Honorary Secretary, Mr. G. B. Taylor, and the elected members, Mr. Wynn, Mr. Hamilton and the nurse graduate.





the chipmunk

We are not as a rule given to over-enthusiasm, but we do think that, in the Mixed Chorus and the University Symphony, this university can boast of two of the best musical organizations we have heard in this city for some time. We understand, too, that the Mixed Chorus was greeted with warm applause at its Calgary concert. It is to be regretted that the Symphony, too, could not be enjoyed by music lovers of the southern centres.

The Mixed Chorus concert, which took place on January 30th, 31st, and February 1st, in Convocation Hall, revealed the polish, perfect blending and verve which we have learned to expect from Mr. Eaton and his choir. A pleasantly varied program included, as well as liturgical and classical works, early English songs and works of modern English composers, negro spirituals and many lively folk songs. We hear that a spring tour is planned this coming May which should prove most enjoyable.

Not to detract from the well deserved laurels of the Chorus, we would like to toss a special bouquet to the University Symphony for a splendid performance at its annual concert on February 14th and 15th. The symphony is a younger organization than the Chorus, but Mr. Lindscoog and his musicians have achieved a degree of balance and integration seldom seen in local orchestral groups. They play music within their scope with precision and understanding. The only regret of the evening was that there were so few overtown people present. It seems a pity that such a promising group as this should not receive the recognition it deserves.

The Alberta Regional Drama Festival was held at the University on January 26, 27 and

28. Besides the University Studio Players' production of Pirandello's **Henry IV**, Sheridan's **The Rivals** and **Laura** by Caspary and Sklar, were presented. Mr. Maxwell Wray, noted British producer and director, found the plays of an exceptionally high standard. Award for the best play went to **The Rivals**, staged by Workshop 14 of Calgary, the best actor award went to Ed Holmes for his role in **The Rivals**; Evelyn Lawson won the best actress award for her work in the role of Laura, and Miss Betty Mitchell, for her direction of the winning play, won the honours for direction.

Professor Orchard tells us that the Studio Players, a group composed largely of alumni and staff members, hope to follow up **Henry IV** with more productions this summer and certainly in the fall, and would be glad to hear from anyone interested in joining the group.

Students, teachers and theatre workers in the West will be glad to hear of the new magazine **Western Theatre**, published quarterly by the Department of Fine Arts. The magazine contains news items, pictures and articles on theatre, pertaining to school and community drama in the West and should prove of interest to those active in theatre work or just interested in the development of the Canadian theatre.

Anyone still under the impression that the Banff School is strictly a summer affair will be interested to hear of the Department of Extension's course in Forest Conservation and Wild Life Management, held there from February 6 to March 11. Of some interest to the public, but designed particularly for the benefit of forest rangers and park wardens, the course was taught by experts from all across the

Dominion. Silviculture, woodcraft, including the lore of comfort in the woods and on the trail, fire prevention, and the making of forest surveys, are only a few of the subjects covered. During the wild life part of the course attention was given to the problems of animal populations, disease, food chains, cycles and control by man. A complete St. John ambulance course was also included.

This course was sponsored by the National Park Services of the Dominion Government, the Provincial Department of Lands and Forests, and the University. Accommodation was provided by the chalets of the Banff School—and additional entertainment by the happy coincidence that the ski championships were being held at the same time

Also held at the Banff School, from February 13 to 17, was a short course on asphalt pavements—their design and construction. We do not quite understand why this course was held in Banff except that it must have been very pleasant for both students and instructors—perhaps they were interested in the skiing too. We are informed, however, by the official booklet that the course, held under the direction of the Department of Civil Engineering in co-operation with technical experts in the industry, was devoted to intensive and practical discussion of all aspects of asphalt pavement, including the selection and treatment of base course and pavement materials, the application of soil mechanics to the design and construction of their foundations, and inspection and control of construction operations. All of which sounds technical enough. Still and all, we are wondering whether this sort of thing might not set a dangerous precedent. We can see the English department offering a week's seminar on, say, the lake poets, or the law faculty going into retreat to thrash out a few knotty points. It's a nice thought for this time of year, anyway

A variety of short courses is being held on the campus throughout February and March. A course in hospital administration was held at the School of Nursing, St. Joseph's College, for six weeks from January 30 to March 10, and was designed for qualified nurses interested in this phase of hospital work. Such subjects as hospital public relations, accounting, X-ray and

laboratory technique, and new nursing procedures were covered.

Music lovers will be interested in two courses being given through February, March and April. One is a short course in music appreciation, held Monday evenings from February 20 to April 24. This course is under the direction of Arthur B. Crighton, Mus.Bac., L.R.C.T., L.R.S.M., lecturer in music in the Department of Fine Arts. Lectures cover the history and development of music from primitive times to the present, and are illustrated by recordings and films. Emphasis will be laid on what to listen for in music and will include discussion of musical forms, composers' styles and instrumentation.

A course in choral leadership, under the direction of Professor Richard S. Eaton, is being held Monday evenings from February 27 to May 1, in the Red Deer Junior High School. This course is designed to meet the needs of the amateur musician who finds himself in the position of having to lead a group of singers and who feels that his knowledge of choir leadership is limited. It is of special interest to leaders of church choirs, school teachers, senior high school students and club members. It covers the basic principles of choral work—voice production, interpretation, conducting and concert staging.

Recently five evening lectures were given on "Paint Power". Similar courses are being offered at the eastern universities, the object being to "offer those engaged in the merchandising of paint an opportunity to survey some broader aspects of their vocation"

Those who feel that university education has of late tended to give too much attention to the technical and immediately practical at the expense of pure science and arts, will be interested in the formation of a Humanities Association of Alberta. The newly formed organization includes nearly a hundred members, including faculty members, students and interested citizens. Officers are: President, Dean John Macdonald; Secretary, Dr. F. H. Scargill; Treasurer, D. M. Sullivan. Committees appointed were headed by Dr. R. F. Shaner in research, Dr. J. K. Heath, publicity, and Dr.

Douglas Smith, employment. The organization will seek to promote research in the humanities, and to stimulate employment of graduates in the humanities.

Community art classes are thriving all across Alberta this year. Some seventeen schools are operating and enrollment totals over four hundred. In Edmonton alone, fifteen classes are offered to one hundred and fifty students.

Teaching staff includes Prof. H. G. Glyde, head of the Department of Fine Arts, Murray Macdonald, director of art for Edmonton city schools, J. B. Taylor and Janet Middleton. Newcomer to the staff is Gwytha Evans, a New Zealander. A graduate of the Canterbury University College of Art, she specializes in portrait painting and figure composition.

November 29, 1949.—At a recent meeting of the Board of Governors of the University of Alberta two members of the Faculty of Education staff, Dr. A. L. Doucette and Dr. H. E. Smith, were promoted from Associate Professor to Professor.

Dr. A. L. Doucette, Director of the Calgary Branch of the Faculty of Education since 1947, was granted the degree of D.Ed. with distinction from Stanford University this fall. He also holds the degrees of B.Sc. in Civil Engineering from Nova Scotia Technical College and M.A. from the University of Alberta. Since attending Normal School in Calgary in 1923 he has been associated with education in this province, as teacher, school inspector, and instructor in the Normal Schools, first at Calgary and then at Edmonton. When the Normal School was integrated with the Faculty of Education in 1945, he became a member of the University staff. For 4½ years during the Second World War he served in the Army as personnel selection officer.

Dr. H. E. Smith is a graduate of the universities of Illinois, Alberta and California, holding the Ph.D. degree from the last-mentioned. Early in his career he attended Regina Normal School and taught for some years in Saskatchewan schools and for three years at the Calgary Collegiate Institute. In the First World War he served in the Signals branch of the Army and later in the Wireless branch of the Navy. From 1941 to 1943 he was engaged in person-

nel selection work for the Army and then for a year held a similar post in the Navy. He has been a member of the University staff since 1929, first as Assistant Professor of Philosophy, and then as one of the senior instructors in Education.

Dr. A. W. Downs, who retired some months ago after almost twenty-nine years' service to the University, has been appointed Honorary Professor of Physiology and Pharmacology. He holds the degrees of M.A. from the University of Philadelphia, M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania, and D.Sc. from McGill University, and is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and of the American College of Physicians.

The President reported to the Board the promotion of Professor H. G. Glyde from Associate to Academician in the Royal Canadian Academy. In 1946 Professor Glyde became the first art instructor in the newly organized Department of Fine Arts in the University of Alberta, and is now the head of that department.

Dr. H. H. Hepburn, a part-time member of the University of Alberta staff for over twenty-six years, has recently been promoted from Associate Professor to Professor of Surgery, and is now the senior instructor and administrative head of that Department, succeeding the late Dr. W. F. Gillespie.

Dr. Hepburn received his medical education at McGill and the University of Edinburgh. For two years prior to the First Great War he was employed by the Siamese Medical Service in Bangkok. He served in the Royal Army Medical Corps from 1914 to 1918, winning the Military Cross, and since then has been a member of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps Reserve. Since 1923 he has combined university teaching with his surgical practice in Edmonton. He is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons and of the Royal College of Surgeons of Canada.

Dr. Douglas O. W. Waugh will join the University staff in July as Associate Professor of Pathology and Assistant Provincial Pathologist. Born in England, he received his early education in Manitoba and then attended the University of Manitoba and McGill University, receiving the degrees of M.D. and M.Sc. in pathology from the latter. During the Second Great War he served in the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. Since 1947 he has been

continuing research at the Pathological Institute of McGill University.

The promotion of Dr. R. L. Rutherford, of the Department of Geology, and Professor F. M. Salter, of the Department of English, from the rank of associate professor to that of full professor will be effective at April 1 of this year.

Dr. Rutherford has been associated with the University of Alberta and the Research Council of Alberta since 1923, when he was appointed Lecturer in Geology. An M.Sc. graduate of the University of Alberta, he also holds the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

Professor Salter is a graduate of Dalhousie and Chicago Universities, and interrupted his studies to serve in the Army during the First Great War. From 1922 to 1924 he was Lecturer in English at the University of Alberta, then taught at the Universities of Chicago and Oklahoma, served for two years as research assistant to John M. Manly, and was for some years head of the English Department of the Experimental Junior College in Kansas City. He rejoined the University of Alberta staff in 1939. In 1942 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. To continue research in his field, Professor Salter has been granted

sabbatical leave for the year beginning September 1, 1950.

Dr. D. M. Healy, Associate Professor of Romance Languages, has also been given sabbatical leave, and is planning to spend next year in Paris, continuing work on a research project initiated in the Department of Modern Languages here.

The last act in winding up the affairs of the Universities Association took place recently when the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors of the University of Alberta accepted as a gift the funds still in the account of the Association.

Founded a number of years ago as a social group, the Association included in its membership such prominent Edmonton residents as Mr. George Heath MacDonald, architect, Mr. A. W. Haddow, city engineer, Dr. Robert Newton, president of the University, and Mr. Ambrose Bury, K.C., former judge of the Edmonton District Court.

The \$83.37 remaining in the Association's funds at the time of dissolution will be added to the Fund now being raised for the furnishing of the new Students' Union Building to be opened on the campus early this summer.

STUDENTS' UNION BUILDING ADMINISTRATION PLANS APPROVED

Suggestions made by the Students' Council of the University of Alberta for the administration of the new \$500,000 Students' Union Building were approved at a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the University Board of Governors.

Administration will be in the hands of a six-member Union House Committee, comprising four students appointed by the Students' Council, a faculty member appointed by the University Faculty Club, and the Union's permanent secretary-accountant.

Rules similar to those now in effect in the University residences will prevail in the new building.

NEWS from the branches

We think we should like to give in this column a brief summary of the reports made by the various representatives at the recent annual meeting. Perhaps an acquaintance with the problems which confront the various branches may help to solve some of the difficulties that seem to be everywhere.

Central Alberta

This branch has of late years been centred around the city of Red Deer. But latterly the executive has been moved to Lacombe. We believe that this arrangement is temporary only and that in subsequent years any centre in the extent of territory served by this branch, may be chosen as the focal point.

Although it is very difficult to get the members together in such a sweep of country as this branch covers it has succeeded in some very outstanding affairs. Last December it entertained at a dance. Over one hundred people attended and a banquet is planned in Red Deer for March next at which there will be an election of officers, collection of dues and a discussion of assistance to the Alumni Furnishing Fund.

The president is Gordon Sweet and the secretary Tom Ford. Both reside in Lacombe and can be contacted there.

Two Hills Division

Fred Hannochko, reporting for this branch, stated that it is no easy matter to gather up graduates from a region extending along the Edmonton-Lloydminster C.P.R. branch line from Willingdon to Derwent. But he was happy to state that it is being done. Meetings are usually arranged on Sundays, every gathering is an occasion for a banquet, public officials are invited to attend, and visitors from the central office or the University are always most welcome. In fact, this little branch is in quite a thriving condition.

Fred Hannochko and Mrs. A. B. Young, both of Two Hills, are president and secretary respectively.

Saskatoon

Officials of this newest branch do not feel any too hopeful about its prospects. It appears

that nearly all the Alberta graduates living in Saskatoon are connected in some way or another with the University of Saskatchewan and thus feel themselves torn between two loyalties. Well, that does indeed pose a problem, and we hope our Saskatooners will be able to work out a solution for their problem. In the meantime they are working on the Alumni Furnishing Fund and hope to have good results.

Dr. E. Y. Spencer, 1038 11th Street East, is the registrar.

Smoky Lake-Thorhild

Isadore Goresky reported for this branch, and pointed out that this branch takes in a long strip of country along that railway line angling north-east through Smoky Lake and Ashmont. He further stated that most of the graduates in this territory are teachers who have attended summer sessions only and have thus missed that direct contact with the university which makes for a feeling of oneness. But he was happy to say that the interest among the members of this branch has been quite well sustained, and that sometimes it takes more than a blizzard to discourage this interest when a social evening is in prospect. (N.B.—We can vouch for the truth of this statement, we defied the wind and snow and the banquet was worth the effort.)

Harry Kostash and M. Ukrainetz are the chief officials of this branch and both live in Smoky Lake.

Ottawa

Mrs. Doreen McGee, of Ottawa, was quite a favorite at the annual meeting. First of all, among all the delegates she represented the branch farthest removed, and in the second place she was able to tell a most gratifying story. We learn that this branch has a quite active membership of 150 to 200 alumni. Latest reports reveal that there will be at least \$500 coming from this centre for the Alumni Furnishing Fund. We were all delighted to hear that in the late fall two hundred hungry Albertans attended this branch's banquet.

Max Crosbie is the new president, Bill Pybus is the vice-president, Mrs. McGee is the secretary, and Alex Markle (yes, that's correct) is the treasurer. By the way, Mr. Crosbie's ad-

dress is Eden Circle, Rideau Park, Box 73 Billings Bridge P O, Ontario. It looks like a New York address, but try it if you go to Ottawa.

Medicine Hat

Mr B F Souch has recently been elected president of this branch, and isn't feeling too cheerful about it. He is wondering how he can pry the Medicine Hatters loose from their work and clubs and varied interests long enough to devote a wee bit of time to University affairs. We hope it was some comfort to Mr. Souch to learn that the same problem confronts us all to a more or less degree. He feels that occasional speakers from the University might help, and we shall do our best in that respect.

When in Medicine Hat call Mr. Souch, 304 Second Street, or the secretary, Jack Cuyler, 53 Aberdeen Street.

The 4A

For the sake of those who are not graduates in agriculture this terse combination stands for Agriculture Alumni Association of Alberta. It has one aim only—to do the most good from the standpoint of the general body of alumni. This association charges no dues other than those payable to the general association. Its publication, the "4A News" is financed by donations and is prized as a means of promoting a feeling of loyalty to the University. The one big meeting of the year takes place in connection with the annual Feeder's Day.

Ray Dixon, Provincial Dairy Branch, Parliament Buildings, Edmonton, is the president.

Victoria

This is one of our most active branches. There are about thirty alumni on the roll and meetings are held once a month. These are sometimes for business and sometimes for social purposes — sometimes, we suspect, for both. Mrs. Burns reminded council that this most westerly group is very mixed but that picnics do much to break down any feeling of aloofness. We imagine they should, in beautiful Victoria-by-the-Sea.

Visitors to Victoria might contact the president, Mrs. W. Trenholme, 109 Pemberton Building, or the secretary, R. W. Chard, 323 Pemberton Building.

Winnipeg

This branch is chiefly bothered by a constantly changing alumni population. However, it has been able so far to confront its difficulties and to do quite a good deal toward stimulating an interest in the Alumni Association. Dr. Barnhouse stated that a big meeting is being planned for April and that there will be a picnic coming up during the summer months. She also spoke hopefully of Winnipeg's efforts in the canvass for the Alumni Furnishing Fund.

When in Winnipeg contact Dr. E. W. Stringam, 173 Maplewood Avenue, or Dr. Dorothy Barnhouse, 140 Riverbend Crescent, St. James.

Medical Alumni Association

This is the first faculty association organized within the Alumni Association. Its aims are simply to further the interests of the University and to serve the people of Alberta. As projects it has undertaken to sponsor a memorial lecture each year, to provide a substantial scholarship fund and to publish a bulletin.

Dr. McGugan, substituting for Dr. Hitchin, reported that this affiliated association is in a very healthy state, that its scholarship fund is now at the \$1,700.00 mark, and that its general revenue is about \$400.00. Dr. McGugan told council that this association always tries to arrange an alumni banquet in connection with dominion and provincial meetings of medical men and that invariably these are well attended. He stated that he considered the annual bulletin most helpful in the field of public relations.

The president of this thriving association is Dr. J. S. Gardner, 3209 6th Street W., Calgary, and the secretary is Dr. J. Sturdy, 10219 139th Street, Edmonton.

Nurses Alumnae Association

This association has an active membership of 75 and an associate membership of about 500. During the year 1949 associate branches were formed at Vancouver and at Lethbridge. This busy association held seven meetings during the past year and in addition gave a banquet in honour of the graduating class of 1949, arranged an "at home" in September, entertained at a dance in the "Troc" in October, and made a profit of \$484.05 from a bazaar in November. A sum of \$250.00 has been set

aside again this year for a scholarship fund; a yearly prize of \$15.00 is to be given to a member of the graduating class. A silver tray was presented to the Nurses' Residence and a contribution of \$50.00 was made to the Alumni Furnishing Fund. Not bad! Not bad at all!

So if anyone is interested in getting in touch with this group of alumnae, Mrs. Gordon Bell, 11141 85th Avenue, is the president, and Mrs. W. Kupchenko, 10707 81st Avenue, is the secretary.

Edmonton

This branch seems to have become completely discouraged, and at its last meeting the executive voted to disband. It seems to be particularly difficult to keep up the interest in a branch so close to the University. Something different will probably be tried to keep the hundreds of alumni residing in Edmonton in close touch with the other graduates.

* * *

So much for the branches which were represented at the annual meeting. Some of the news is encouraging and some is not. But there is good news from other places.

Toronto

From the secretary of this branch, Miss Marcia Gillespie, we hear that the dance and reception organized on December 8 last was a delightful affair. Many graduates were in attendance and all seemed to be in a party mood. Another event is planned for the early

months of 1950, but we haven't heard much about it yet.

This branch is doing very handsomely with the Alumni Furnishing Fund. We have received two cheques already totalling \$241.00, and are glad to hear that that is not all.

Mr. Fred Heath, 5 du Maurier Boulevard, is the president, Miss Marcia Gillespie, 58 Boon Avenue, is the secretary, and Jack Tuck, 302 Bay Street, is the registrar.

Lethbridge

From this thriving city comes word that the branch there has a new slate of officers and is going about its business. Dr. Edmund Cairns is the new president and Miss Jenny Henderson, 219 Sherlock Block, is the secretary.

We hoped to have news about the big Varsity dance planned for December 28 last, but so far all we have heard is that the plans were going forward well. It is interesting to note that this party was to be open to University of Alberta graduates as well as to graduates of all other universities with wives, husbands and friends. We should like to know more about this venture.

Montreal

All we know officially about this new branch is that the president is Art Thompson. But we do hear rumblings and expect to have news in a very short time of the complete organization and of the drive for the Alumni Furnishing Fund. Jack Sylvester has been acting as chairman of the nominating committee.

We regret to record the death of D. Cameron Sinclair, K.C., senior police court magistrate in Calgary for many years.

Mr. Sinclair suffered a heart attack in 1946 and has been in ill-health since that time. He died on January 16, 1950, in the Colonel Belcher hospital.

Mr. Sinclair came to Alberta in 1900 and received his early education in Calgary schools. He obtained the degree of LL.B. from this university in 1922.

» » Alumni Notes « «

'18

S. C. Ratcliffe, who received his Ph.D. degree in sociology in 1921 from the University of Chicago, is professor of sociology at the Illinois Wesleyan University in Bloomington

'23

F. A. Rudd, of the staff of the Collegiate Institute, Lethbridge, and member of the Alberta Bar and of the Canadian Bar Association, recently won second prize in an essay competition sponsored by the Canadian Bar Association

'24

Announcement has been made by George W. Bourke, president of The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, appointing three vice-presidents. Of these three **J. A. McAllister**, U of A graduate, was appointed vice-president and director of agencies

'25

Dr. Leslie V. Bell writes that he is still in the employ of Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. of Canada, Limited, as a geologist, but has been transferred to Deer Lodge, Montana. He is acting as geologist in connection with the phosphate projects of the company under a subsidiary known as Montana Phosphate Products Company. The address is 619 Kentucky Street

'27

G. R. A. Rice, managing director of Radio Station CFRN, recently announced the appointment of **Macdonald Holmes** as director of farm services for that station. Mr. Holmes is secretary-treasurer of the Edson and District Agricultural Society, and has been continuously engaged in farm extension work since 1927.

'28

W. R. Watson, journalist, lecturer, and the author of "And All Your Beauty," is now living in Calgary at 1101 8th Avenue West. He is still in a wheel chair, but is recovering slowly and hopes to start writing again soon.

'29

T. Kilduff, formerly district agriculturist at Thorsby, is now located at Lethbridge as extension officer attached to the Science Service laboratory.

'30

R. J. Milligan has resigned his post as provincial district agriculturist at Strathmore to become manager and instructor of Boys' Farm at Coaldale

'31

B. E. Souch of 135 Kingsmount Boulevard, Sudbury, is mining engineer and geologist with International Nickel Company.

'32

W. H. T. Mead has been appointed livestock commissioner for the Department of Agriculture. Bill was formerly in charge of the Artificial Insemination Centre at the School of Agriculture, Olds

'33

H. H. Gardner is the new general superintendent of Western Canadian Collieries. Mr. Gardner won the Stutchbury Memorial Award, and, after graduation, was also awarded a prize in the Institute Students' Competition for his paper, "Mining Methods at Corbin, B.C."

G. A. R. (Tony) Mason writes from Belleville that **Sydney Sillitoe** is with Northern Electric Company, Limited, in the engineering department. His most recent achievement has been the building of a very smart modern house

'34

John K. Souch is research biochemist and supervisor of Pilot Plant at Ayerst, McKenna and Harrison Company in Montreal.

Tony Mason is employed by the electronics division of the Northern Electric Company, Limited, in Belleville, Ontario. After about twelve years in the engineering department, he writes that he is now in the accounting department, and although he finds it not so interesting as the engineering department, he thinks it is definitely educational

'36

C. M. Hardin is the plant electrical engineer with Canadian Carborundum Company, Limited, in Shawinigan Falls, P.Q. He resides at 6 Champlain Street.

It was announced in Ottawa in December last that **Mary Macbeth** had been promoted to chief nutritionist in the nutrition division of the

Federal Health Department. Miss Macbeth is a graduate in mathematics, physics and home economics.

'37

R. A. Stubbs was married on November 19, 1949, in Penticton, B.C., to Ethel Saville, a graduate of the Vancouver General Hospital. They will make their home in Vancouver at Suite 9, 2050 Oak Street.

Ronald Gounce is with the Ciba Pharmaceutical Company in Edmonton. His territory covers the northern half of the province.

Dr. Fred Day has returned quite recently from the United Kingdom after two years post graduate study in orthopedic surgery at Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Zurich and Bologna. Dr. and Mrs. Day and family will be making their home in Edmonton, where Dr. Day has opened a practice. He has now secured his fellowship in the Royal Faculty of Surgeons and his master of surgery in orthopedics.

In a very newsy letter **Dr. T. H. Evans** tells us that he attended the fall meetings of the American Chemical Society in Atlantic City last September, and that among those present were **Nestor Bohonos**, who is back with Lederle at Pearl River, N.Y., **Max Roger**, who is at Michigan State in Lansing, **Gordon Finlay**, who is still with Norton Company in Chippawa, Ontario, **Archie Nelson**, who is with Ciba Pharmaceutical in Summitt, N.J., and **Charlie Farmilo**, who is with the Department of National Health in Ottawa. He also writes that **Jack Brown**, who studied library science at McGill and Chicago, has been with the New York Public Library for some time.

Dr. Neil Campbell is district geologist with the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company at Yellowknife.

'38

Born to **Mr. and Mrs. J. Bell** (nee **Muriel Harvey**) on November 22, 1949, a daughter, **Muriel Ann**.

Born to **Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Heath** (nee **Jessie Carmichael**) of 5 du Maurier Boulevard, Toronto 12, a son, **Frederick Robert Ernest**.

Hyman Wolochaw has completed the requirements for his Ph.D. degree in bacteriology at the University of California and advises that he has accepted a research position with the same institution.

Graduate of the University of Alberta medical school and former interne at the Royal Alexandra Hospital, **Dr. Leonard O. Bradley** has been appointed executive secretary of the Canadian Hospital Council.

J. P. B. Campbell, officer in charge, Forage Crops Division, Dominion Experimental Station at Swift Current, left November 2 for New Zealand and Australia. There he will continue his studies in grassland research and irrigation projects.

Don E. McLeod, formerly of Edmonton, has been appointed general supervisor of public relations for Trans-Canada Airlines.

'39

Born to **Mr. and Mrs. Moulton (Peggy Harrison)** on September 8, 1949, a daughter, **Sheila Ann**. The Moulton address is 254 Hills Road, Cambridge, England.

'40

Thomas G. Mason, who is with the J. Walter Thompson (E) Limited, at Lakshmi Building, Sir P. H. Road, Bombay, Bombay 1, India, writes us that he and Mrs. Mason have a son, **Michael**, aged sixteen months.

A very newsy letter from **Robert C. Peck**, who is in Geneva, tells us that his company, Aluminum Company of Canada, picked him for a scholarship to the Centre d'Etudes Industrielles, which is a post graduate school in management, operated under the general patronage of the company's personnel management, Aluminum Fiduciaries Limited. He finds the course very interesting. The Pecks are living at 4 Route de Drize, Geneva.

Delmer T. Oviatt, formerly supervisor, Teachers' Bureau, Department of Education, has left Alberta and has taken a position on the staff of the University of Washington at Pullman.

'41

Robert G. Christenson is secretary-treasurer of the Alberta Poultry Marketers Limited. Previous to joining this company he was with the **Vancouver Daily Province** as agricultural editor.

'42

Mr. and Mrs. Thor Karlstrom (nee **Florence M. Edwards**) are living in Washington, D.C., where Mr. Karlstrom is a geologist with the U.S. Geological Survey.

Mrs. J. D. LaZerte (nee **Mary B. Mason**) writes us that she and her husband, **Don**, are



enjoying life in St. Paul. Don is with the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company in their fluoro-carbon division.

'43

Born to **Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Shewfelt** (nee **Doris Williams**) at Morden Hospital, Morden, Manitoba, on November 16, 1949, a son, Robert Lorne

Robert M. Nigro is assistant manager of the New West Construction Company, Limited, in Edmonton. Previously he was a barrister for Rio Bravo Oil Company, Limited

Colin A. Ross sends us his change of address from Edmonton to Shothey Bridge Hospital, Durham, England

Dr. Jean T. Hugill writes that since July last she has been the anesthesiologist at the West Coast General Hospital at Port Alberni, B.C.

Marjorie J. Grant, who was on exchange to Ilford, Essex, England, in 1948-49, teaching domestic science, is now back at the Highlands School in Edmonton, teaching home economics

Arnold M. Dean is now on the staff of the soils department at California State Polytechnic College in San Luis Obispo.

Margaret Macleod and **Wilfred Walker** were married in Calgary on Christmas Eve. They will make their home temporarily in Corvallis, Oregon, where Wilf is completing post graduate studies

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Day and two children, Nancy and Marilyn, sailed aboard the Empress of Canada from St. John, N.B., for Liverpool early in December last. Dr. Day plans to take post graduate studies in obstetrics and gynaecology at the Jessop Hospital in Sheffield

Bruce I. Rankin, former Edmonton naval officer and Canadian trade commissioner at Shanghai, visited in Edmonton for a few days en route to Ottawa.

'44

Dr. Donald Bell is at the University of Cleveland. This year he is an assistant-resident in obstetrics and next year will be in gynaecology.

'45

Dr. Chapin Key was married on September 24, 1949, in Romford, Essex. Dr. Key is working for a fellowship in the Royal College of Surgeons (London). The Keys are at 29 Ravenscroft Park, Barnet, Hertfordshire, England.

Born to **Don and Mary Mortimer** (nee **Robertson**) at Kingston General Hospital, Kingston, on January 7, a son, Alan John.

Making their home in Madison, Wisconsin, are **Rudolph R. Grunert** and Joan Kessenich of Madison. Dr. Grunert will do research work at the University of Wisconsin

'46

R. C. B. Corbett writes giving us news about some fellow alumni. His personal news concerns the birth of his first child, a daughter, on December 10, 1949. He tells us that by the end of this year he will have finished his hospital training in pediatrics at the University Hospital of Cleveland, and intends then to start a practice in Edmonton

Lois E. McLean is now teaching dramatics in Vancouver and is assistant director of the Everyman Theatre as well

Roy R. Reynolds writes advising us that his new address is 36 3rd Avenue, Ottawa, and that he is employed as economist with the economics and research branch of the Department of Labour

Patricia Wyatt, after receiving her M.Sc. in foods and nutrition at Michigan State College, has accepted an instructorship at Washington State, where she has been since September of 1949

Lucy Ikota writes that she is leaving Edmonton to make a trip to Vancouver, San Francisco and Japan, and expects to be away for at least a year.

Born to **Dr. and Mrs. Bob Macleod** (nee **Pat Robertson**) at Hotel Dieu, Kingston, on December 14, a son, Douglas John.

Sylvia Jean Callaway and David Byron Grant were married January 14, 1950, in Central United Church, Edmonton.

D. J. Lubert reports that he and Mrs. Lubert and baby daughter, born in August last, are now happily settled at Madison, Wisconsin. Dave has registered there for graduate studies in bacteriology

Stuart R. Wright was recently married in the United States to Miss Elsie J. Pfeil, Kenasha, Wisconsin. He is at present a member of the chemical engineering department of Northwestern Technological Institute.

'47

Married recently were **Grace Elizabeth Douglas** and **Ralph E. Halzwarth** of Syracuse, N.Y.

Westminster United Church, Edmonton, was the scene of the recent marriage of **Erma D. Stauffer** to **Thomas Bateman Rowley** of Victoria.

The engagement is announced of **Margaret Oddny Marlatt** and **Harold Emmott Williams**. Following the marriage these graduates will make their home in Cardiff, Wales.

Eileen Macartney, physical education teacher at McDougall Commercial High School for the past two years, is one of the 16 Canadian teachers now in the United States under a teacher exchange agreement.

Of interest in alumni circles is the recently announced engagement of **Nancy Lee Berman** of Chicago to **Samuel S. Lieberman**, of Edmonton. Miss Berman will graduate from the University of California at Los Angeles in June and the marriage will take place in Chicago early in July.

'48

K. W. Moore received his master of science degree from the University of Toronto at the fall convocation last year. He is now employed by **Gore and Storrie**, consulting engineers in Toronto. He also tells us that he and Mrs. Moore are proud parents of twin boys, born July 27, 1949.

Jean Campbell '48 and **Gordon Proctor '47** were married on December 17, 1949, in the Metropolitan United Church, Edmonton.

James Soneff Jr. and **Jessie T. Hickey**, who were married recently, are making their home at Barrhead.

Eldon Foote was admitted to the bar recently by Mr. Justice McLaurin. Eldon articulated with the firm of **Dawe, Auxier, Bryan and McLeod**.

'49

Word has been received that **Walker Balke** has been awarded a bursary of \$300.00 by the University of Toronto for study in business administration.

Mrs. W. R. Abell tells us that **Treva Abell** is attending Anderson College, Anderson, Indiana.

Norman R. Miller writes us that he is enrolled in the Ontario Mining Association Post Graduate Training Scheme, which is a practical

course in the phases of the metal mining industry.

John J. Fitzpatrick informs us that he is trading on the Toronto Stock Exchange for **Milner, Ross and Company**.

Robert L. Pharis is doing research work towards his masters at U of A.

Mining engineer, **James Riley**, is "way down south". He is employed by the **Braden Copper Company** in Chili, South America.

Al Oeming is promoting professional wrestling and cougars in Edmonton.

John P. Lyons is employed as accountant with **Imperial Oil Company**, Calgary, in the producing department.

A graduate in home economics, **Eleanor A. MacDonald**, is residing in Vancouver at 2930 Heather Street, and is employed as dietitian at the Vancouver General Hospital.

Mrs. H. E. Wilson writes us that **Shirley** is now **Mrs. Leslie R. Warden**.

Ralph Pilkington is employed as a junior engineer in the engineering department of the **Canadian Western Natural Gas Company Limited**, in Calgary.

Crawford Ferguson was awarded the Rhodes Scholarship for Alberta. Mr. Ferguson, who articulated with a Calgary firm, was chosen from six applicants for the scholarship.

David H. Shouldice is stratigrapher with **Shell Oil Co. of Canada, Limited**, in Calgary. Mr. Shouldice was married October 15, 1949, to **Eileen Nelson '47**.

Carman A. Bliss is at **Purdue University** taking post graduate studies in pharmacy.

Douglas A. Greenough is continuing his course in theology at **St. Stephen's College**, working towards his B.D. degree.

Charlotte E. Ward of 1731 12 Avenue West, Calgary is engaged as a laboratory technician at the **Provincial Laboratory of Public Health (Southern Branch)** in Calgary.

Glen G. Stewart is now working at the **B.A. Oil Refinery** at **Clarkson, Ontario**. His home address is 65 Inglewood Drive, Port Credit.

Gwen Underhill is a student dietitian at **Toronto General Hospital**.

Edmund E. Newhall is at **Stanford University**, taking a post graduate course.

Audrey Stephenson is in charge of the Nursing Service of the Blood Donor Clinic for the Red Cross here in Edmonton.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald D. Lougheed are in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where **Don** is taking a year's training course with Imperial Oil. **Mrs. Lougheed** (nee **Doreen Bradley**) is a '49 commerce graduate.

A. L. Levine is studying at the University of Toronto, and his present address is 366 Markham St., Toronto.

Sidney B. Maerov is doing post graduate work at the University of Washington.

Sharon Sprung of 2930 Heather Street, Vancouver, is at the Vancouver General Hospital taking post graduate work in dietetics.

Studying at the University of Toronto is **Hedley G. Saville**. Hedley is studying towards his masters in bio-physics.

Norma V. Ryan is chief transcript clerk with the Department of Education in Edmonton.

Making their home at Wanham, Alberta, are **Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Hyde** (nee **Kathleen Cruikshank**), who were married on August 29, 1949. Mr. Hyde, who is a '48 engineering graduate, is with Imperial Oil, Limited.

Lillian M. Dunn is employed by the Department of Transport, Meteorological Branch, taking a further course at the University of Toronto.

Ivan Coram, 350 Chapel Street, Ottawa, is employed as patent examiner with the Department of State.

James Foster Irwin is with the exploration division of the Eldorado Mining and Refining (1944), Limited, in Edmonton.

Rev. Robert S. Johnston is assistant minister of Calvin Presbyterian Church in Toronto. His address is 99 Constance Street, Toronto 3.

Osborne V. Jones is an instructor in industrial arts at Bow Island, Alberta.

Nancy Jean Cornell York has obtained an appointment for her one year's internship at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.

Mrs. G. W. Herzog (nee **Joan Armstrong**) is a dietitian at the Peterborough Civic Hospital in Peterborough. Mr. and Mrs. Herzog are living at 601 Homewood Avenue, Peterborough.

Marion E. Wood, of Claresholm, is teaching home economics in the Stavely, Granum and Macleod circuit.

Harrison L. Wiltse, living at 401 California Avenue, El Monte, California, is teaching in that city.

Harry B. Hobbs is employed by James Richardson and Sons, Brokers, in Edmonton.

Fred Cornett-Ching is employed as trust clerk with The Royal Trust Company in Calgary.

Margaret J. Blundell is employed by the National Research Council in Saskatoon, working with Dr. Stone on straw research.

Russell O. Asplund is now registered in the Graduate School of the Utah State Agricultural College at Logan. He is studying for his masters degree and teaching junior courses in chemistry on a fellowship.

Robert W. Payne is taking his Ph.D. in clinical psychology at the University of London in Surrey, England.

C. C. Bombardieri is now residing at 8 Airlie Garden, Campden Hill Road, W. 8, England, and is attending the London School of Economics.

Douglas E. Bressey is employed as engineer with Schlumberger Well Surveying Corporation in Edmonton.

R. E. Keyes is an engineer on the staff of Calgary Power Limited, with headquarters in Calgary.

Marie Brooks, of 648 Huron Street, Toronto, is a student dietitian at Hart House, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. MacKenzie (nee **June Wiseman**) are making their home at 284 St. Claire Avenue West, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Mealing are in England where Mr. Mealing is studying at Oriel College in Oxford. Mrs. Mealing (nee **Doris M. Austin**) is teaching at Greenmere County Primary School in Didcot, Berkshire.

John G. Gordon is teaching at Bishop's Preparatory School in Lennoxville, P.Q.

Nicholas J. Karateen is taking post graduate studies at Cornell University.

Robert F. Sturrock is taking his masters in physics at U of A.

C. A. Douglas Ringrose is at present playing hockey with the Paisley Pirates, a Scottish league. He is expected home in April.

W. P. (Phil) Campbell is attending the University of Toronto, where he is registered in graduate studies in plant pathology.

Don Phillips is taking post graduate study toward his Ph.D. degree in science, at the University of California, Berkeley. He is also assistant laboratory instructor in chemistry. Don was married on January 26, 1950, to Joan Cockeram

James E. Finlay has won top honors in the annual essay contest, sponsored by the Canadian Mining Journal of Quebec. His paper was entitled "Refining of Cyanide, Zinc and Gold Precipitate at Consolidated Beattie Mines, Limited". Mr. Finlay is employed by the Con-

solidated Mines in Quebec, and plans to take post graduate studies at McGill University.

* * *

General Note

Seven Edmonton lawyers were appointed King's Counsellors in a New Year's honour list, issued by Hon. Lucien Maynard. Of these seven, five are graduates of the U of A. They are: **John Thom**, LL.B. '25, registrar of the Edmonton Land Titles Office; **John E. Hart**, B.Com. '29, LL.B. '32, provincial government solicitor; **William O. Parlee**, B.A. '30, LL.B. '32, former Canadian army captain; **Melvin I. Friedman**, LL.B. '33, and **Horace G. Johnson**, LL.B. '27.

BANFF SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

Full information on the eighteenth annual Summer School in the Fine Arts at Banff is now available

A most attractive announcement, recently distributed to prospective students, contains the following points of interest:

- (a) the dates are June 26 to August 19, 1950,
- (b) the school will include the Seventh Annual Western Writer's Conference, which will be held from August 14 to August 18;
- (c) courses offered in the school will include drama, art, music, play-writing, short story writing, radio writing, weaving and design, leathercraft and glove making, oral French, and a series of vacation courses in photography,
- (d) a special course in painting will be given previous to the regular Banff School session from June 26 to July 8, if a minimum of thirty students register in advance.

In order to procure detailed information about fees, registration, dates of courses, transportation, scholarships, accommodation, programmes, trips, instructors and one hundred and one other important matters get an announcement from the **Department of Extension, University of Alberta.**



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